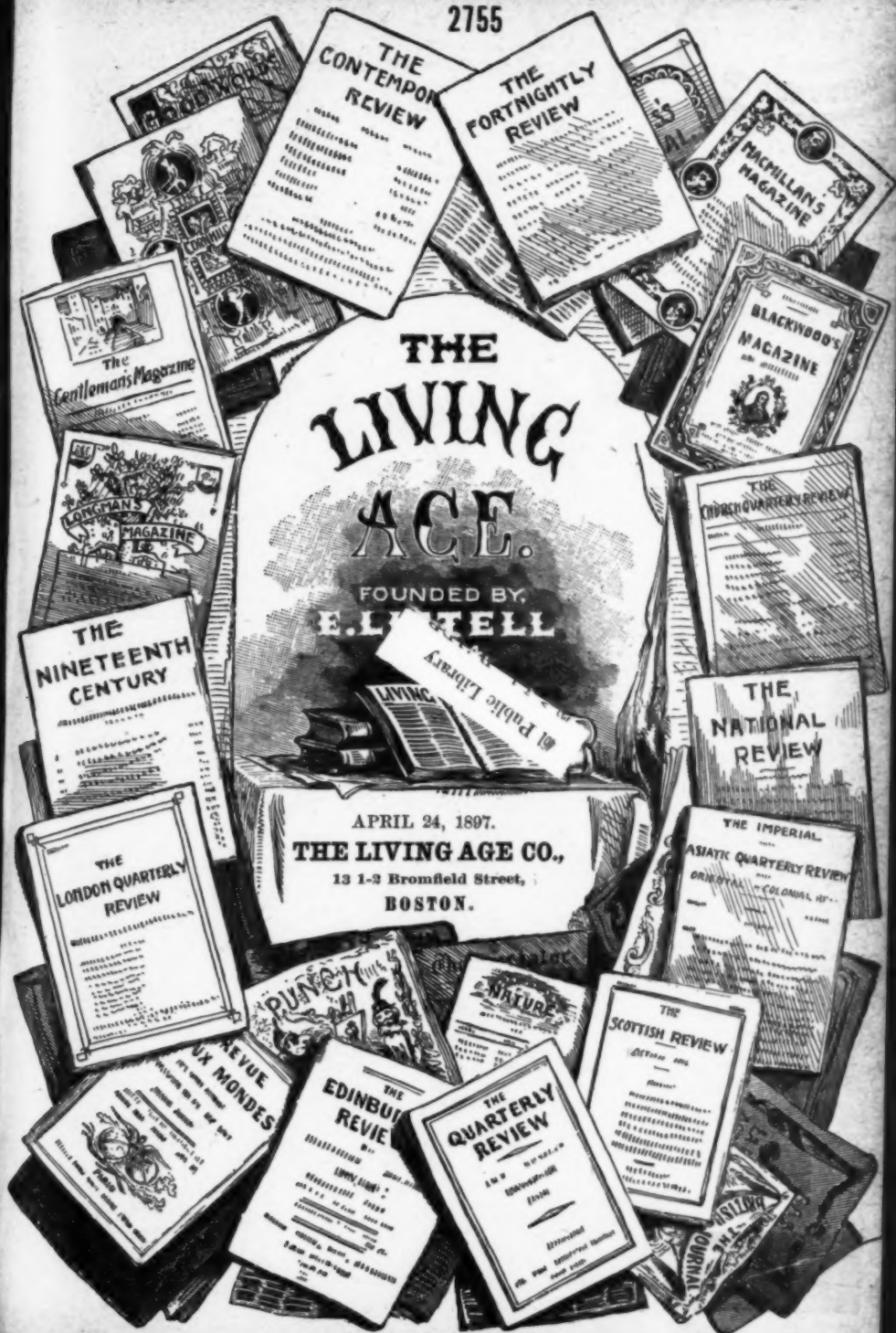


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Sixth Series, }
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THE PRICE.

A man lived fifty years—joy dashed with tears;
 Loved, toiled, had wife and child, and lost them; died;
 And left of all his long life's work one little song
That lasted—nought beside.

Like the monk Felix' bird that song was heard;
 Doubt prayed, Faith soared, Death smiled itself to sleep;
 That song saved souls. You say? The man paid stiffly? Nay,
 God paid—and thought it cheap.
 Good Words. VIDA BRISS.

THE STORMY PETREL.

Harbinger of death and danger, o'er the darkling furrowed sea
 Rides the Stormy Petrel telling where the gathered whirlwinds be.
 Bird of Fate, whom we should welcome, counting thee as truly blest
 For thy tidings and thy warnings timely brought from east or west,
 Know'st not that an ill-tongued prophet is by all men deemed accurst—
 He that soonest cries disaster, he that sees far doom the first?

Thou and thy weird web-footed brethren, sable-featured, tempest toss'd,
 Ye are held for souls of pirates, errant-drifting, sentenced, lost,
 Spirits of such crafty Norsemen as in rapine ruled the main,
 Shedding blood for very fierceness, lust of treasure and of gain,
 Now condemned to wander ever, evermore to dip and lave
 Black-stained sins, black deeds of old time, in the crystal-crested wave.

Say, ye wraiths of Viking rovers, grim and dreaded buccaneers,
 Whose vindictive quest of white sails still across mid-ocean steers,
 Tracking wreck and bringing wreckage—say, in mystic demon form,
 Do ye plan and tread, commanding, every footprint of the storm?

Nay, poor Petrel, here's a story writ for thee through gentler lore:
 Named wert thou, that walk'st the water, from the impetuous saint of yore—
 Peter—who by faith would gladly step with trembling human feet
 On the Lord's own shining pathway, there his gracious Lord to greet.
 Fear not. He whose touch upheld the apostle's life on Galilee,
 Gave thy wings, strong and sustaining, O thou wandering bird, to thee!

LADY LINDSAY.

THE FAIRY WIFE.

What will I do the long days through that see not you, ma gilli mar?
 How shall I bring the heart to sing amid the folk that deathless are?
 We loved ten years, and now no tears your fairy wife can find to shed,
 Ma gilli mar, now you go far on a path her feet can never tread.

Mavrone, mavrone, that I make my moan from a breast like stone, ma gilli mar!
 No tears to shed on your golden head, and the lips that laughed and silent are!
 You chose me out from the fairy rout, you gave me sorrow and hope and fear,
 And now I lean by your bed and keen, and wish you had given me death, my dear.

What will I do the long days through of years that you know not, machree?
 My fairy birth is crossed with earth, and my kindred's mirth is strange to me.
 The laughter wild of my fairy child that never smiled in her father's face,
 Pricks through my heart while I walk apart where shadows brood in his sleeping-place.

Why would you give me that must live for weary years, to fade like dew,
 The gift to know earth's joy and woe, but not to go to the grave with you?
 Ma gilli mar, your way lies far by never a star that might light my feet,
 Yet had but I the gift to die, it's the same night that we two would meet.

NORA HOPPER.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS.¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

CHAPTER VII.

IN A MOORISH GARDEN.

"When love is not a blasphemy, it is a religion."

There is, perhaps, a subtle significance in the fact that the greatest, the cruelest, the most barbarous civil war of modern days, if not of all time, has owed its outbreak and its long continuance to the influence of a woman. When Ferdinand VII. of Spain died in 1833, after a reign broken and disturbed by the passage of that human cyclone, Napoleon the Great, he bequeathed his kingdom, in defiance of the Salic Law, to his daughter Isabella. Ferdinand's brother Carlos, however, claimed the throne, under the very just contention that the Salic Law, by which women were excluded from the heritage of the crown, had never been legally abrogated.

This was the spark that fell in a tinder made up of ambition, unscrupulousness, cruelty, bloodthirstiness, self-seeking, and jealousy—the morale, in a word, of the Spain of sixty years ago. Some sided with the Queen Regent Christina and rallied round the child-queen, because they saw that that way lay glory and promotion. Others flocked to the standard of Don Carlos, because they were poor and of no influence at court. The Church, as a whole, raised its whispering voice for the Pretender; for the rest, patriotism was nowhere, and ambition on every side.

"For five years we have fought the Carlists, hunger, privation, and the politicians at Madrid! And the holy saints only know which has been the worst enemy," said General Vincente to Conyngham, when explaining the above related details.

And, indeed, the story of this war reads like a romance, for there came from neutral countries foreign legions, as in the olden days. From England an army of ten thousand mercenaries landed in Spain prepared to fight for

the cause of Queen Christina, and very modestly estimating the worth of their services at the sum of thirteen pence a diem. After all, the value of a man's life is but the price of his daily hire.

"We did not pay them much," said General Vincente, with a deprecating little smile, "but they did not fight much. Their pay was generally in arrears, and they were usually in the rear as well. What will you, my dear Conyngham; you are a commercial people, you keep good soldiers in the shop window, and when a buyer comes you serve him with second-class goods from behind the counter."

He beamed on Conyngham with a pleasant air of benign connivance in a very legitimate commercial transaction.

This is no time or place to go into the history of the English legion in Spain, which, indeed, had quitted that country before Conyngham landed there, horrified by the barbarities of a cruel war, where prisoners received no quarter, and the soldiers on either side were left without pay or rations. In a half-hearted manner England went to the assistance of the queen regent of Spain, and one error in statesmanship led to many. It is always a mistake to strike gently.

"This country," said General Vincente, in his suavest manner, "owes much to yours, my dear Conyngham; but it would have been better for us both had we owed you a little more."

During the five years prior to Conyngham's arrival at Ronda the war had raged with unabated fury, swaying from the West to East Coast, as fortune smiled or frowned on the Carlist cause. At one time it almost appeared certain that the Christina forces were unable to stem the rising tide, which bade fair to spread over all Spain, so unfortunate were their generals, so futile the best endeavors of the bravest and most patient soldiers. General Vincente was not alone in his conviction that had the gallant Carlist leader Zumalacarreguy lived, he might have carried all before him. But this great leader at the height of his fame, beloved by all his soldiers, worshipped by

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his subordinate officers, died suddenly by poison, as it was whispered, the victim of jealousy and ambition. Almost at once there arose one in the east of Spain, as obscure in birth as unknown to fame, who flashed suddenly to the zenith of military glory, the brutal, wonderful Cabrera. The name to this day is a household word in Catalonia, while the eyes of a few old men still living, who fought with or against him, flash in the light of other days at the mere mention of it.

Among the many leaders who had attempted in vain to overcome by skill and patriotism the thousand difficulties placed in their way by successive, unstable, insincere ministers of war, General Vincente occupied an honored place. This mild-mannered tactician enjoyed the enviable reputation of being alike unconquerable and incorruptible. His smiling presence on the battlefield was in itself worth half-a-dozen battalions, while at Madrid the dishonest politicians, who through these years of Spain's great trial systematically bartered their honor for immediate gain, dreaded and respected him.

During the days that followed his arrival at Ronda and release from the prison there, Frederick Conyngham learnt much from his host and little of him, for General Vincente had that in him without which no leader, no great man in any walk of life, can well dispense with—an unsoundable depth.

Conyngham learnt also that the human heart is capable of rising at one bound above difficulties of race or custom, creed and spoken language. He walked with Estella in that quiet garden between high walls on the trim Moorish paths, and often the murmur of the running water, which ever graced the Moslem palaces, was the only break upon their silence; for this thing had come into the Englishman's life suddenly, leaving him dazed and uncertain. Estella, on the other hand, had a quiet *savoir-faire* that sat strangely on her young face. She was only nineteen, and yet had a certain air of authority, handed down to her from

two great races of noble men and women.

"Do all your countrymen take life thus gaily?" she asked Conyngham one day. "Surely it is a more serious affair than you think it."

"I have never found it very serious, *señorita*," he answered. "There is usually a smile in human affairs if one takes the trouble to look for it."

"Have you always found it so?"

He did not answer at once, pausing to lift the branch of a mimosa-tree that hung in yellow profusion across the pathway.

"Yes, *señorita*, I think so," he answered at length slowly. There was a sense of eternal restfulness in this old Moorish garden, which acted as a brake on the thoughts, and made conversation halt and drag in an Oriental way that Europeans rarely understand.

"And yet you say you remember your father's death?"

"He made a joke to the doctor, *señorita*, and was not afraid."

Estella smiled in a queer way, and then looked grave again.

"And you have always been poor, you say—sometimes almost starving?"

"Yes; always poor, deadly poor, *señorita*," answered Conyngham with a gay laugh. "And since I have been on my own resources frequently, well—very hungry! The appetite has been large and the resources have been small. But when I get into the Spanish army, they will, no doubt, make me a general, and all will be well."

He laughed again and slipped his hand into his jacket pocket.

"See here," he said; "your father's recommendation to General Espartero in a confidential letter."

But the envelope he produced was that pink one, which the man called Larralde had given him at Algeciras.

"No; it is not that," he said, searching in another pocket. "Ah! here it is, addressed to General Espartero, Duke of Vittoria."

He showed her the superscription, which she read with a little inclination of the head, as if in salutation of the great name written there, for the

greatest names are those that men have made for themselves. Conyngham replaced the two letters in his pocket, and almost immediately asked:—

"Do you know any one called Barenna in Ronda, señorita?" thereby proving that General Espartero would do ill to give him an appointment requiring even the earliest rudiments of diplomacy.

"Julia Barenna is my cousin. Her mother was my mother's sister. Do you know them, Señor Conyngham?"

"Oh, no," answered Conyngham, truthfully enough. "I met a man who knows them. Do they live in Ronda?"

"No; their house is on the Cordova road, about half a league from the Customs Station."

Estella was not by nature curious, and asked no questions. There were many who knew the Barennas that would fain have been able to claim acquaintance with General Vincente and his daughter, but could not do so, for the captain-general moved in a circle not far removed from the queen regent herself, and mixed but little in the society of Ronda, where for the time being he held a command.

Conyngham required no further information, and in a few moments dismissed the letter from his mind. Events seemed for him to have moved rapidly within the last few days, and the world of roadside inns and casual acquaintance, into which he had stepped on his arrival in Spain, was quite another from that in which Estella moved at Ronda.

"I must set out for Madrid in a few days at the latest," he said, a few minutes afterward; "but I shall go against my will, because you tell me that you and your father will not be coming North until the spring."

Estella shook her head with a little laugh. This man was different from the punctilious aides-de-camp and others who had hitherto begged most respectfully to notify their admiration.

"And three days ago you did not know of our existence," she said.

"In three days a man may be dead

of an illness of which he ignored the existence, señorita; in three days a man's life may be made miserable or happy—perhaps in three minutes."

And she looked straight in front of her in order to avoid his eyes.

"Yours will always be happy, I think," she said, "because you never seem to go below the surface, and on the surface life is happy enough."

He made some light answer, and they walked on beneath the orange-trees, talking of these and other matters, which lose all meaning when set down on paper, indulging in those dangerous generalities which sound so safe, and in reality narrow down to a little world of two.

They were thus engaged when the servant came to announce that the horse, which the general had placed at Conyngham's disposal, was at the door in accordance with the Englishman's own order. He went away sorrowfully enough, only half consoled by the information that Estella was about to attend a service at the Church of Santa Maria, and could not have stayed longer in the garden.

The hour of the siesta was scarce over, and as Conyngham rode through the cleanly streets of the ancient town more than one roused himself from the shadow of a doorway to see him pass. There are few older towns in Andalusia than Ronda, and scarce anywhere the habits of the Moors are so closely followed. The streets are clean, the houses whitewashed within and without. The trappings of the mules and much of the costume of the people are Oriental in texture and brilliancy.

Conyngham asked a passer-by to indicate the way to the Cordova road, and the polite Spaniard turned and walked by his stirrup until a mistake was no longer possible.

"It is not the most beautiful approach to Ronda," said this garrulous person, "but well enough in the summer, when the flowers are in bloom and the vineyards green. The road is straight and dusty until one arrives at the possession of the Señora Barenna, a light road to the right leading up into

the mountain. One can perceive the house—oh, yes—upon the hillside, once beautiful, but now old and decayed. Mistake is now impossible. It is a straight way. I wish you a good journey."

Conyngham rode on, vaguely turning over in his mind a half-matured plan of effecting a seemingly accidental entry to the house of Señora Barena, in the hope of meeting that lady's daughter in the garden or grounds. Once outside the walls of the town he found the country open and bare, consisting of brown hills, of which the lower slopes were dotted with evergreen oaks. The road soon traversed a village which seemed to be half deserted, for men and women alike were working in the fields. On the balcony of the best house a branch of palm bound against the ironwork balustrade indicated the dwelling of the priest, and the form of that village despot was dimly discernible in the darkened room behind. Beyond the village Conyngham turned his horse's head toward the mountain, his mind preoccupied with a Machiavellian scheme of losing his way in this neighborhood. Through the evergreen oak and olive groves he could perceive the roof of an old, grey house, which had once been a mere hacienda or semi-fortified farm.

Conyngham did not propose to go direct to Señora Barena's house, but described a semicircle, mounting from terrace to terrace on his sure-footed horse.

When at length he came in sight of the high gateway, where the ten-foot oaken gates still swung, he perceived some one approaching the exit. On closer inspection he saw that this was a priest, and on nearing him recognized the Padre Concha, whose acquaintance he had made at the hotel of the Marina at Algeciras.

The recognition was mutual, for the priest raised his shabby old hat with a tender care for the insecurity of its brim.

"A lucky meeting, Señor Englishman," he said. "Who would have expected to see you here?"

"I have lost my way."

"Ah!" And the grim face relaxed into a smile. "Lost your way?"

"Yes."

"Then it is lucky that I have met you. It is easy to lose one's way when one is young."

He raised his hand to the horse's bridle.

"You are most certainly going in the wrong direction," he said. "I will lead you right."

It was said and done so quietly that Conyngham had found no word to say before his horse was moving in the opposite direction.

"This is surely one of General Vincente's horses," said the priest. "We have few such barbs in Ronda. He always rides a good horse, that Miguel Vincente."

"Yes, it is one of his horses. Then you know the general?"

"We were boys together," answered the padre, "and there were some who said that he should have been the priest and I the soldier."

The old man gave a little laugh.

"He has prospered, however, if I have not. A great man, my dear Miguel; and they say that his pay is duly handed to him. My own, my princely twenty pounds a year, is overdue. I am happy enough, however, and have a good house. You noticed it, perhaps, as you passed through the village—a branch of palm against the rail of the balcony—my sign, you understand. The innkeeper next door displays a branch of pine, which, I notice, is more attractive. Every man his day. One does not catch rabbits with a dead ferret. That is the church. Will you see it? No! Well, some other day. I will guide you through the village. The walk will give me appetite which I sometimes require, for my cook is one whose husband has left her."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOVE LETTER.

"I must mix myself with action lest I wither by despair."

"No one," Conyngham heard a voice

exclaiming, as he went into the garden on returning from his fruitless ride—"no one knows what I have suffered."

He paused in the dark doorway, not wishing to intrude upon Estella and her visitors, for he perceived the forms of three ladies seated within a miniature jungle of bamboo, which grew in feathery luxuriance around a fountain. It was not difficult to identify the voice as that of the eldest lady, who was stout and spoke in deep, almost manly tones. So far as he was able to judge, the suffering mentioned had left but small record on its victim's outward appearance.

"Old girl seems to have stood it well," commented the Englishman in his mind.

"Never again, my dear Estella, do I leave Ronda; except, indeed, for Toledo, where, of course, we shall go in the summer if this terrible Don Carlos is really driven from the country. Ah! but what suffering! My mind is never at ease. I expect to wake up at night and hear that Julia is being murdered in her bed. For me it does not matter; my life is not so gay that it will cost me much to part from it. No one would molest an old woman, you think? Well, that may be so. But I know all the anxiety, for I was once beautiful. Ah! more beautiful than you or Julia; and my hands and feet—have you ever noticed my foot, Estella? Even now——"

And a sonorous sigh completed the sentence.

Conyngham stepped out of the doorway, the clank of his spurred heel on the marble pavement causing the sigh to break off in a little scream. He had caught the name of Julia, and hastily concluded that these ladies must be no other than Madame Barennia and her daughter. In the little bamboo grove he found the elderly lady lying back in her chair, which creaked ominously, and asking in a faint voice whether he was Don Carlos.

"No," answered Estella, with a momentary twinkle in her grave, dark eyes; "this is Mr. Conyngham. My

aunt, Señora Barennia, and my cousin Julia."

The ladies bowed.

"You must excuse me," said Madame Barennia volubly; "but your approach was so sudden. I am a great sufferer—my nerves, you know. But young people do not understand."

And she sighed heavily, with a side glance at her daughter, who did not even appear to be trying to do so. Julia Barennia was darker than her cousin, quicker in manner, with an air of worldly capability which Estella lacked. Her eyes were quick and restless, her face less beautiful, but expressive of a greater intelligence, which if brought to bear upon men in the form of coquetry was likely to be infinitely dangerous.

"It is always best to approach my mother with caution," she said, with a restless movement of her hands. This was not a woman at her ease in the world or at peace with it. She laughed as she spoke, but her eyes were grave even while her lips smiled, and watched the Englishman's face with an air almost of anxiety. There are some faces that seem to be watching and waiting. Julia Barennia's had such a look.

"Conyngham," said Madame Barennia reflectively. "Surely I have heard that name before. You are not the Englishman with whom Father Concha is so angry, who sells forbidden books—the Bible, it is said."

"No, señora," answered Conyngham, with perfect gravity; "I have nothing to sell."

He laughed suddenly, and looked at the elder lady with that air of good-humor which won for him more friends than he ever wanted, for this Irishman had a ray of sunshine in his heart which shone upon his path through life, and made that uneven way easier for his feet. He glanced at Julia, and saw in her eyes the look of expectancy which was in reality always there. The thought flashed through his mind that by some means, or, perhaps feminine intuition beyond his comprehension, she knew that he possessed the

letter addressed to her, and was eagerly awaiting it. This letter seemed to have been gaining in importance the longer he carried it, and this opportunity of giving it to her came at the right moment. He remembered Laralde's words concerning the person to whom the missive was addressed, and the high-flown sentiments of that somewhat theatrical gentleman became in some degree justified. Julia Barenna was a woman who might well awaken a passionate love. Conyngham realized this, as from a distance, while Julia's mother spoke of some trivial matter of the moment to unheeding ears. That distance seemed now to exist between him and all women. It had come suddenly, and one glance of Estella's eyes had called it into existence.

"Yes," Señora Barenna was saying, "Father Concha is very angry with the English. What a terrible man! You do not know him, Señor Conyngham?"

"I think I have met him, señora."

"Ah! but you have never seen him angry. You have never confessed to him! A little, little sin, no longer than the eye of a fly—a little bite of a calf's sweetbread on Friday in mere forgetfulness—and, Sancta Maria, what a penance is required! What suffering! It is a purgatory to have such a confessor."

"Surely madame can have no sins," said Conyngham pleasantly.

"Not now," said Señora Barenna, with a deep sigh. "When I was young it was different."

And the memory of her sinful days almost moved her to tears. She glanced at Conyngham with a tragic air of mutual understanding, as if drawing a veil over that blissful past in the presence of Julia and Estella. "Ask me another time," that glance seemed to say.

"Yes," the lady continued; "Father Concha is very angry with the English. Firstly, because of these Bibles. Blessed Heaven, what does it matter! No one can read them except the priests, and they do not want to do so. Secondly, because the English have helped to overthrow Don Carlos—"

"You will have a penance," interrupted Miss Julia Barenna quietly, "from Father Concha for talking politics."

"But how will he know?" asked Señora Barenna sharply, and the two young ladies laughed.

Señora Barenna looked from one to the other and shrugged her shoulders. Like many women, she was a strange mixture of foolishness and worldly wisdom. She adjusted her mantilla and mutely appealed to heaven with a glance of her upturned eyes.

Conyngham, who was no diplomatist nor possessed any skill in concealing his thoughts, looked with some interest at Julia Barenna, and Estella watched him.

"Julia is right," Señora Barenna was saying, though nobody heeded her. "One must not talk nor even think politics in this country. You are no politician, I trust, Señor Conyngham. Señor Conyngham, I ask you, you are no politician?"

"No, señora," replied Conyngham hastily—"no; and if I were, I should never understand Spanish politics."

"Father Concha says that Spanish politics are the same as those of any other country—each man for himself," said Julia, with a bitter laugh.

"And he is, no doubt, right."

"Do you really think so?" asked Julia Barenna, with more earnestness than the question would seem to require. "Are there not true patriots who sacrifice all—not only their friends, but themselves—to the cause of their country?"

"Without the hope of reward?"

"Yes."

"There may be, señorita, a few," answered Conyngham with a laugh; "but not in my country. They must all be in Spain."

She smiled and shook her head in doubt, but it was a worn smile.

The Englishman turned away and looked through the trees. He was wondering how he could get speech with Julia alone for a moment.

"You are admiring the garden," said that young lady, and this time he knew

that there had in reality been that meaning in her eyes which he had imagined to be there.

"Yes, señorita; I think it must be the most beautiful garden in the world."

He turned as he spoke and looked at Estella, who met his glance quietly. Her repose of manner struck him afresh. Here was a woman having that air of decision which exacts respect alike from men and women. Seen thus with the more vivacious Julia at her side, Estella gained suddenly in moral strength and depth, suggesting a hidden fire in contrast to a flickering will-o'-the-wisp blown hither and thither on every zephyr. Yet Julia Barena would pass anywhere as a woman of will and purpose.

Julia had arisen, and was moving toward the exit of the little grove in which they found themselves. Conyngham had never been seated.

"Are the violets in bloom, Estella? I must see them," said the visitor. "We have none at home, where all is dry and parched."

"So bad for the nerves—what suffering!—such a dry soil that one cannot sleep at night," murmured Madame Barena, preparing to rise from her seat.

Julia and Conyngham naturally led the way. The paths winding in and out among the palms and pepper-trees were of a width that allowed two to walk abreast.

"Señorita, I have a letter for you."

"Not yet; wait."

Señora Barena was chattering in her deep, husky tones immediately behind them. Julia turned and looked up at the windows of the house, which commanded a full view of the garden. The dwelling-rooms were, as usual, upon the first floor, and the windows were lightly barred with curiously wrought iron. Each window was curtained within with lace and muslin.

The paths wound in and out among the trees, but none of these was large enough to afford a secure screen from the eye of any watcher within the house. There was neither eucalyptus nor ilex in the garden, which are heavy-

leafed and afford shelter. Julia and Conyngham walked on, outdistancing the elder lady and Estella. From these, many a turn in the path hid them from time to time, but Julia was distrustful of the windows, and hesitated in an agony of nervousness. Conyngham saw that her face was quite colorless, and her teeth closed convulsively over her lower lip. He continued to talk of indifferent topics, but the answers she made were incoherent and broken. The course of true love did not seem to run smooth here.

"Shall I give you the letter? No one can see us, señorita. Besides, I was informed that it is of no importance except to yourself. You have doubtless had many such before, unless the Spanish gentlemen are blind."

He laughed and felt in his pocket.

"Yes," she whispered. "Quickly now!"

He gave her the letter in its romantic pink, scented envelope, with a half-suppressed smile at her eagerness. Would anybody, would Estella ever be thus agitated at the receipt of a letter from himself? They were at the lower end of the garden, which was divided almost in two by a broader pathway leading from the house to the centre of the garden, where a fountain of Moorish marble formed a sort of *carrefour*, from which the narrower pathways diverged in all directions.

Descending the steps into the garden from the house were two men, one talking violently, the other seeking to calm him.

"My uncle and the alcalde. They have seen us from the windows," said Julia quickly. All her nervousness of manner seemed to have vanished, leaving her concentrated and alert. Some men are thus in warfare, nervous until the rifles open fire, and then cool and ready.

"Quick," whispered Julia, "let us turn back."

She wheeled round and Conyngham did the same.

"Julia," they heard General Vincente call in his gentle voice.

Julia, who was tearing the pink en-

velope, took no heed. Within the first covering a second envelope appeared bearing a longer address.

"Give that to the man whose address it bears, and save me from ruin," said the girl, thrusting the letter into Conyngham's hand. She kept the pink envelope.

When, a minute later, they came face to face with General Vincente and his companion, a white-faced, fluttering man of sixty years, Julia Baremma received them with a smile. There are some men who, conscious of their own quickness of resource, are careless of danger and run into it from mere heedlessness, trusting to good fortune to aid them should peril arise. Frederick Conyngham was one of these. He now suspected that this was no love-letter which the man called Larralde had given him in Algeciras.

"Julia," said the general, "the alcade desires to speak with you."

Julia bowed with that touch of hauteur which in Spain the nobles ever observe in their manner toward the municipal authorities.

"Mr. Conyngham," continued the general, "this is our brave mayor, in whose hands rests the well-being of the people of Ronda."

"Honored to meet you," said Conyngham, holding out his hand with that frankness of manner which he accorded to great and small alike. The alcade, a man of immense importance in his own estimation, hesitated before accepting it.

"General," he said, turning and bowing very low to Señora Baremma and Estella, who now joined them—"general, I leave you to explain to your niece the painful duties of my office."

The general smiled, and raised a deprecating shoulder.

"Well, my dear," he said kindly to Julia, "it appears that our good alcade has news of a letter which is at present passing from hand to hand in Andalusia. It is a letter of some importance. Our good mayor, who was at the window a minute ago, saw Mr. Conyngham hand you a letter. Between persons who only met in this garden

five minutes ago such a transaction had a strange air. Our good friend, who is all zeal for Spain and the people of Ronda, merely asks you if his eyes deceived him. It is a matter over which we shall all laugh presently over a lemonade; is it not so? A trifle—eh?"

He passed his handkerchief across his moustache, and looked affectionately at his niece.

"A letter!" exclaimed Julia. "Surely the alcade presumes. He takes too much upon himself."

The official stepped forward.

"Señorita," he said, "I must be allowed to take that risk. Did this gentleman give you a letter three minutes ago?"

Julia laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes."

"May I ask the nature of the letter?"

"It was a love-letter."

Conyngham bit his lip and looked at Estella.

The alcade looked doubtful, with the cunning lips of a cheap country lawyer.

"A love-letter from a gentleman you have never seen before," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Pardon me, Señor Alcalde, this gentleman travelled in the same ship with my mother and myself from Bordeaux to Algeciras, and he saved my life."

She cast a momentary glance at Conyngham, which would have sealed his fate had the fiery Mr. Larralde been there to see it. The prefect paused, somewhat taken aback. There was a momentary silence, and every moment gave Julia and Conyngham time to think.

Then the alcade turned to Conyngham.

"It will give me the greatest pleasure," he said, "to learn that I have been mistaken. I have only to ask this gentleman's confirmation of what the señorita has said. Is it true, señor, that you surreptitiously handed to the Señorita Baremma a letter expressing your love?"

"Since the señorita has done me the honor of confessing it, I must ask you

to believe it," answered Conyngham steadily and with coldness.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE MISSION OF TENNYSON.¹

I propose to speak to you this afternoon about a poet who is, as I think, the English poet of this age of ours; the poet who will, in the event, hold much the same predominant position in English literature of the nineteenth century as Pope holds in English literature of the eighteenth century. There are perhaps only two poets who could dispute that position with Tennyson—Wordsworth and Browning. Wordsworth, I think, rose occasionally to greater heights than Tennyson ever attained—notably in his "Ode on Immortality," and in his "Ode to Duty." But, on the other hand, he certainly often sank to depths—depths of desultory drivel I had almost said—to which Tennyson never sank. Nor are his great gifts such as to win for him a very wide circle of readers. A philosophic student of nature and of the human heart, his verse appeals to "fit audience but few." Tennyson's range—I shall have to speak of this hereafter—was much wider. Browning appears to me to sink, too frequently, much lower than Wordsworth ever sank. And a vast quantity of his poetry is hopelessly marred by want of form. I trust I shall not seem unjust to this highly endowed man. I yield to no one in admiration of such verse as that which he has given us in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Pippa Passes." But I confess that he often reminds me of Horace's description of Lucilius. That fluent veteran, it appears, would frequently perform the feat of dictating two hundred verses "stans pede in uno," a phrase the precise meaning of which has exercised the critics a great deal, but which we may render with sufficient

accuracy as fast as he could. And, Horace adds, as the turbid stream flowed along, there was much which one could wish away—"quum fluere lulentus erat quod tollere velles." I confess—I hope I shall not shock any one here very much—that a great deal of Browning's verse appears to me little better than random doggerel, while the so-called philosophy which it is supposed to set forth, is largely mere bombastic rhodomontade on subjects which the poet had never taken the trouble to think out. If ever there was a writer who darkened counsel by words without knowledge, it was Browning.

Far otherwise is it with Tennyson. He appears to have laid to heart that most true dictum that poetry is the loftiest expression of the art of writing. "The art of writing," note: which recalls the lines of Pope:—

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learnt to dance.

There is not a poem of Tennyson's—or there is hardly one—which is not the outcome of prolonged meditation and prolonged labor; the result of the supreme art which veils itself in the achievement. His work is classical in the best sense of the word: classical in its "happy coalescence of matter and style." If you take up Pope's "Essay on Criticism"—and I know of no more valuable aid to judgment on the subject with which it deals—and test Tennyson's work by the rules and precepts so admirably given there, you will find that they bear the test singularly well. To give one instance merely: I suppose there is no poet—I at least know of none—who has so felicitously carried out the rule, "the sound must seem an echo to the sense." Consider, for example, those lines in the "Princess":—

Sweeter thy voice; but every sound is
sweet:
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the
lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

¹ This lecture, delivered from a few notes at the London Institution on Monday, Dec. 7, 1896, is now printed from the shorthand writer's report, with such corrections as seemed necessary.

So much must suffice to indicate, in the briefest outline, and as if by a few strokes of the pencil, some of the reasons which lead me to think that Tennyson will survive as *the* English poet of our century. But my concern, this afternoon, is with what he has said rather than with his way of saying it; with his message rather than with his manner. I wish to put before you what, as it seems to me, was his chief lesson to his generation and to the generations that should come after.

For poetry, which is really such, is something more than a pleasing play of fancy, an instrument of high intellectual enjoyment. There appears to be, at the present day, a superstition in certain quarters, that poetry has nothing to do with moulding the manners and the morals of human society; that it has no influence over the religion, the philosophy, the passions of men. That seems to me a great error. I think Joubert uttered a profound truth when he observed that poetry should be the great study of the philosopher who would really know man. Consider the poetry of ancient Greece for example. It contains the thought of a whole people. The soul—yes, and the details of the life—of the Hellenic race are there. Hence it was, I suppose, that Aristotle was led to speak of poetry as “more philosophic and more seriously true than history.” It is better fitted for the exposition of the higher verities. There can be no doubt that poetry is not only the most beautiful, but also the most legitimate and the easiest instrument of education, in the highest sense of the word. It is the most amiable means of building up character. And this the great poets have ever felt. “I wish to be considered a teacher or nothing,” Wordsworth wrote. And assuredly such was the feeling of Tennyson. That verse of his, “Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world,” sums the matter up.

But we may go further than that, as, indeed, the title which I have given to this lecture indicates. “*The Mission of Tennyson.*” Yes; I hold that every great poet has a mission, in the proper

sense of the word. He is marked off from his fellows of the race of men by what Cicero calls, “*magna et divina bona*,” great and divine endowments, which are distinct from temperament, from environment, from evolution, from heredity; which you cannot sum up in a formula or explain by analysis; and as the highest and truest of which we must reckon what Krause calls *Schauen*: vision, intuition. He is a seer; the man whose eyes are opened; he speaks that which he knows; he testifies that which he has seen soaring in the high reason of his fancies. He speaks not of himself. Wordsworth has admirably expressed this in some lines of the “Prelude:”—

Poets, even as Prophets, each with each
Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
Have each his own peculiar faculty:
Heaven's gift.

These words seem to me true to the letter, and worthy of being deeply pondered. They might well supply a theme for my whole lecture. In passing I may point out that Wordsworth himself affords a striking illustration of them. His divine gift, his peculiar faculty it was to draw out, as no poet had drawn out before, as no poet has drawn out since, the mystic sympathy between external nature and the soul of man; and to point to that path into the transcendental which we may find, by means of this, in the phenomena of the visible universe. There is, indeed, as the old Greeks used to say, something inspired in all of us. Even ordinary virtue, which has the praise of men, is of divine inspiration, Plato teaches in the “*Meno*.” In all our best thoughts, our best works, surely we must be conscious, if we reflect, of a nonself which works with us and upon us. But it is the privilege and the peril of those gifted souls who alone can be called, in the highest sense, artists, to experience this influence in far ampler measure than the other sons of men. Hence the ancients regarded a kind of possession as their distinctive note. “*Divine madness*” Plato calls it, and Cicero, “*poetic fury*.” And one of the deepest thinkers of these later times

writes: "The artist, however full of design he is, yet, in respect of that which is the properly objective in his production, seems to stand under the influence of a power which separates him from all other men, and compels him to declare or represent things which he himself has not completely seen through, and whose import is infinite." Do you tell me that these words of Schelling are mysticism? I know they are. But I know, also, that they are true. And they are especially true of the poet. "Poets even as prophets." Yes; poets are prophets, in the proper sense of the word. "Messengers from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us, direct from the Inner Fact of things." "We see not our prophets any more," lamented the Hebrew patriot at a dark period of the history of his people. A dark period indeed: the darkest, surely, when the prophetic vision is quenched; when the prophetic word is mute; when not one is there that understandeth any more. Yes; the poets of a nation are its true prophets; and indeed St. Paul, as you will remember, recognizes this when he speaks of one of the bards of Hellas as a prophet of their own. So a saintly man of these later days, the venerable Keble, in dedicating to Wordsworth those charming volumes of *Prælections*, speaks of him as truly a sacred seer: "*viro vere vati sacro.*" And with reason. Assuredly, Wordsworth is, in some respects, the highest of modern prophets.

So much may suffice to vindicate the title of this lecture and to indicate the scope of it. I wish to speak this afternoon of the mission of Tennyson to his age. Now the first gift required in any one who would teach his age is that he should understand it. Perhaps the great reason why the pulpit exercises so little influence, comparatively, among us, is that the vast majority of preachers are out of touch with the age. They occupy themselves Sunday after Sunday—to use a phrase of Kingsley's—in combating extinct Satans. Far otherwise was it with Tennyson. One of his most remarkable gifts was his acute sensibility to the intellectual and

spiritual, the social and political developments of the times in which he lived. Wordsworth speaks of "the many movements" of the poet's mind. Few minds, perhaps, have moved so quickly, so far, and in so many directions, as Tennyson's. Nothing human was alien from him. It has been remarked by one of his critics, "He is at once metaphysician and physicist, sceptic and theologian, democrat and aristocrat, radical and royalist, fierce patriot and far-seeing cosmopolitan; and he has revealed to the age the strange interaction of these varied characters, and how the beliefs and passions of each modify, and are modified by, those of all the others."

One of the most striking characteristics of the age has been the stupendous progress achieved by the physical sciences. I need not dwell upon what is so familiar. And, indeed, only an encyclopædia could deal even with the outlines of so vast a subject. But the spirit in which the physicist works has greatly contributed to our progress in provinces of the human intellect lying outside his domain. It has impressed upon the minds of men this great truth, that everywhere the way to knowledge is to go by the facts, testing, verifying, analyzing, comparing, inducting. And in proportion as this lesson has been laid to heart, by investigators of all kinds, have their researches been rich in real results. Now with this scientific movement, so eminently characteristic of our times, Tennyson was deeply in sympathy. I do not know that he was profoundly versed, as an expert, in any branch of physical science. But he followed from the first, with the closest attention, the achievements of the masters in all its fields. And his verse teems with evidence of the completeness with which he had assimilated their teaching and made it his own. Thus, to give one example merely, you remember those noble lines in "In Memoriam," which so admirably sum up the conclusion of an important chapter in geology:—

There rolls the deep where grew the tree;
O Earth, what changes thou hast seen!

There where the long street roars hath
been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills like shadows melt, they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They fade like mists, the solid lands;
Like clouds they shape themselves, and go.

But the vast progress of the physical sciences of which I have been speaking, and which appealed to Tennyson so powerfully, has not been unmixed gain—as he well knew. One result of it has been the establishment of a sort of dogmatism of physicists, not less oppressive than the old dogmatism of theologians. There has been a tendency, and more than a tendency, to assert that outside the boundaries of physical science we can know nothing; that its methods are the only methods of arriving at truth; a tendency to restrict our ideas to generalizations of phenomena, to erect experimental observation into the one criterion of certitude, to treat mental and moral problems as mere questions of physiology; in a word, to regard the laws of matter as the sole laws. And this has issued in the effacement, to a very great extent, of the true idea of law from the popular mind.

Let me explain what I mean. And here I would beg of you to favor me with your closest attention. For what I am immediately about to say—though I shall employ the simplest and least technical language that the subject allows—will not be so easy to follow as a leading article in a newspaper, or a page in a novel. If, then, we keep strictly within the domain of physics, we have no right to speak of law at all. The mere physicist cannot get beyond ascertained sequences and co-ordinations of phenomena. A distinctive characteristic of law is necessity. And necessity—the notion we express by the word “must”—has no place in pure physics. Its place is taken by the word “is.” In strictness, what the physicist calls natural laws, are merely hypotheses which have gradually won their way into general credit, by explaining all the facts known to us, by satisfying every test applied to them.

They have not the character of absolute certainty. Only those laws are absolutely or metaphysically certain which are stamped upon all being, and therefore upon the human intellect; which are the very conditions of thought, because they are the conditions under which all things and all beings, even the Being of Beings, the Absolute and Eternal Himself, exist. I am far from denying—Indeed, I strenuously affirm—that there is a sense in which necessity may be predicated of physical laws. But for that sense—nay, for the very notion of necessity—we must quit the proper bounds of physical science; we must go to an order of verities transcending the physical; to what Aristotle called *τὰ μὲν τὰ φυσικά*, to metaphysics; that is to say, to supersensuous realities, to the world lying beyond the visible and tangible universe. I need not go further into that now. I have said enough for my present purpose, which is that every physical truth is necessarily connected with—or rather takes for granted—some metaphysical principle. Law is of the will and of the intellect. And will and intellect are not the objects of the physical sciences. “That which assigns unto everything the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working—the same we term a Law,” says Hooker, summing up, in his judicious way, the Aristotelian and scholastic teaching on the matter.

But the dreary dogmatism of a certain school of physicists has brought this august conception into discredit. I say “dreary dogmatism,” for even the most highly gifted of the school which I have in view are open to this charge. To speak of one of the most gifted of them, for instance; the late Professor Huxley, so admirably clear and cogent and convincing when dealing with subjects within his own domain, becomes amazingly confused and incoherent and depressing in discussing purely philosophical questions. The general result of this dogmatism has been to diffuse widely a belief that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force, or,

at all events, nothing that we can know; and that ascertained sequences and coordinations of phenomena are the only laws we can attain to. Hence it has come to pass that laws which are really such, have, in the eyes of a vast multitude, lost their true character. Thus we are told by a writer much in credit, that the laws of ethics are merely generalizations from experiences of utility: a doctrine the effect of which is to unlaw them—if I may borrow a word from Carlyle—for experiences of utility cannot possibly do more than counsel; they can lay no necessity upon us to do what they indicate as desirable. But the essence of a moral law is necessity; is what Kant calls its categorical imperative, indicated by the word "ought." On the other hand, things are dignified as laws which are not laws at all in the proper sense of the word. For example, what are called laws of political economy are mere statements of probabilities of action by free agents, and imply no necessity.

I beg of you not for one moment to imagine that in insisting upon this matter I am indulging in mere logomachy, in unprofitable disputation about words. The question is concerning the idea of law: an idea of the utmost practical importance. The doctrine that "the universe is governed, in all things great and small, by law, and that law not the edict of mere will, but identical with reason, or its result," is no mere abstract speculation, that men may hold or reject, and be none the better or the worse for holding or rejecting it. It is a doctrine fraught with the most momentous consequences in all relations of human life. And that because of a reason set forth by Euripides more than two thousand years ago: I borrow Bishop Westcott's version of his words:—

For 'tis by law we have our faith in Gods,
And live with certain rules of right and wrong.

Law is, as Aquinas calls it, "a function of reason." Lose the true idea of law, and you derationalize the universe and reduce it to mere senseless mechanism. You lay the axe to the root of

man's moral life here. You shut off the vision of the Great Hereafter of which man's moral life here is the earnest and the pledge. And then is realized the picture which the great ethical poet of the last century has put before us:—

Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires.

Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine,

Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.

Lo, thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word.

Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,

And universal darkness buries all.

Now it seems to me to have been Tennyson's mission to meet this tendency of the age of which I have been speaking, by witnessing to, by insisting on, the true conception of law. That was the great work given him to do, in his day and generation, and to do in his own manner; not as a philosopher, not as a critic, not as a preacher, but as a poet. It is the lot of poets "to learn in suffering what they teach in song." Tennyson, as I have said, was emphatically of his age. And the physiological speculations wherewith physicists invaded the province of philosophy, and broke the dogmatic slumber of ancient orthodoxies, at one time troubled and perplexed him. But it may be truly said of him as he said of his dead friend:—

He fought his doubts, and gathered strength,

He would not make his reason blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them; thus, he came at length

To find a firmer faith his own:

And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

Let me tell you briefly how he found that firmer faith.

Tennyson possessed not only a most keen and sensitive mind, tremulously susceptible to the intellectual move-

ments of his age; he possessed also the piercing vision, the direct intuition of the prophet into the constitution and needs of human nature. He felt that the mechanical philosophy offered to him in the name of physical science was utterly inadequate to life. And he turned from the macrocosm to the microcosm; from the universe without him to the universe within him. He found in the laws of man's spiritual and moral being the solution of "the riddle of this painful earth." On those laws he based his Theistic belief, his ethical code, and his political principles. Let me indicate this in the barest outline—it is all that is possible to me now—leaving you to fill in the details, if you think well to do so, by your own study of his works.

First, then, as to Tennyson's Theism. A thinker contemporary with him, but belonging to a very different school, has remarked, "It is indeed a great question whether Atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world, taken by themselves, as a doctrine of a creative and governing power." The term Agnosticism had not been invented when these words were spoken by John Henry Newman before the University of Oxford fifty-seven years ago. The term appears to me to meet a distinct want. Littré defines an Atheist as one who does not believe in God. But the tendency of late years has been to narrow the meaning of the word; to confine it to those who expressly deny the Theistic conception. The word Agnosticism has been coined to describe the mental attitude of doubt, suspension of judgment, nescience regarding that conception. It applies more correctly than the word Atheism to a class, considerable not only from their numbers, but for their intellectual endowments and their virtues. It appeared to Tennyson that to shut us up in physical science, to confine our knowledge to matter and force, and ascertained sequences and co-ordinations of phenomena, is to doom us to Agnosticism. You remember the verses in which he has told us this. Familiar as they are,

I shall venture to quote them. For they are as beautiful as they are familiar. Custom cannot stale them.

That which we dare invoke to bless,
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt,
He, They, All, One, within, without,
The Power in darkness, whom we guess.

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye,
Or in the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
Which tumbled in the godless deep,

A voice within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Rise up and answer, "I have felt."

You see he appeals to the laws of man's spiritual nature for light upon this momentous question; those first great spiritual laws the denial of which is the essence of Agnosticism. Tennyson discerned with Spinoza that the primordial law of being is being; that the fundamental want of man is to prove, affirm, augment, his own life.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want.

Man lives under the law of progress which is the striving after perfection, and of which the highest expression is the quest of the All Perfect. Hence those "æthereal hopes," as Wordsworth speaks, which are part and parcel of us; "those mighty hopes which make us men," Tennyson calls them, in words which seem to me true to the letter. The intellect, as Plato teaches, testifies that the ideas of truth, goodness, beauty, justice, belong to an order of absolute principles, anterior and superior to man, and is compelled by an architectonic law of its own being, to refer the complete realization of those principles to the Ultimate Reality, which it therefore contemplates as *Τὸ Ἐκπύερον*, the Altogether Lovely, the Object of all desire. Towards that

Supreme Object, human nature tends; necessarily tends by virtue of a law written on the fleshly tables of the heart. Despite the limitations of his being, man tends towards the Infinite, because the Infinite is in him. The desire of the Infinite is, I say, a law under which he is born. He may resist, he may violate that law, as he may resist, and may violate any other law of his being; for the eternal hands that made and fashioned him, while:—

binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

This is his princely and perilous prerogative, the very essence of his personality, in virtue of which he is "man and master of his fate;" this is:—

that main miracle that thou art
thou;
With power on thine own act, and on the
world.

But the law, whether obeyed or disobeyed, remains—witnessing to the Sovereign Good, the Everlasting Righteousness, the Supreme Object of Rational Desire which is the True End of man. Through "a dust of systems and creeds," this vision of this Ineffable Reality shone out for Tennyson undimmed; the light of life to him, without which it were better:—

to drop headlong in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease.

Such was Tennyson's Theism. But it is on this great spiritual law of progress that his ethical creed also rested. The surest law of man's nature we must account it, according to that saying of Plato, "I find nothing more certain than this—that I must be as good and noble as I can." "Must." Necessity is laid upon us. This is that law of which Butler speaks: "The law of virtue that we are born under." Tennyson has formulated it in his own way as being to:—

move upward, working out the
beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

I find Tennyson peculiarly and completely English in his cast of thought. He is distinguished, in the highest de-

gree, by what I regard as the dominant English characteristic—reverence for duty as the supreme law of life: the subordination of all ideals to the moral ideal. You remember how in one of his earliest poems—"Cenone"—he tells us:—

Self reverence, self knowledge, self control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign
power.

How he indicates us the rule of life:—

to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right.

The thought was always with him. But in the "Princess," in the "Palace of Art," and the "Vision of Sin," he specially insists upon this law of life: a law in the proper sense transcendental, as transcending the limits of space and time: a law of absolute universality, as are all moral laws that are strictly such; valid for all rational beings in all worlds. Again, in the "Idylls of the King," this law is the dominant thought. Arthur, as I remember a famous German critic once remarked to me, is conscience made flesh and dwelling among us. And the primary precept of the heroic monarch to his glorious fellowship of the Table Round is to "reverence their conscience as their king." And, here I would remark in passing, how finely Tennyson has vindicated that higher law of the relations of the sexes, wrought into our civilization by Christianity, and embellished by chivalry, which contemporary Materialism burns to abrogate. With Tennyson the passion of sexual love, refined and idealized—humanized in a word—is a chief instrument of our ethical life: its office:—

... not only to keep down the base in
man,
But teach high thoughts and amiable
words,
And love of truth, and all that makes a
man.

Once more. Those great ethical laws which dominate private life should, Tennyson held, be the laws of public life also: a truth much dimmed just now

in the popular mind; nay may we not say, well-nigh effaced from it? I was mentioning to an accomplished friend, a short time ago, that I had it in intention to write a book on "First Principles in Politics;" a sort of sketch of, or introduction to, the laws of human society. He replied, "My dear fellow, there are no first principles in politics, there are no laws of human society, it is all a matter of expediency, of utility, of convention, of self-interest." This is an expression of that lawlessness, that loss of the idea of law, that I spoke of just now. And its last development in the public order is the doctrine which substitutes the caprice of the multitude for what Shakespeare calls "the moral laws of nature and of nations." Tennyson discerned, clearly enough, that this doctrine of the absolute and indefeasible authority of what is called "the people," that is, of the numerical majority of the adult males of a country, is really a doctrine of anarchy; that it means the triumph of the passions over the rational will; whereas the true theory of the state whatever its form, means the triumph of the rational will over the passions. I cannot go into this matter further on the present occasion; but, I may observe that, from first to last, Tennyson's political teaching seems to me perfectly consistent. I know of no difference of principle between "Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." At the end, as at the beginning of his career, Tennyson was the loyal worshipper of Freedom, which he justly terms:—

loather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd:

Freedom, the very first condition of which is servitude to law. The years as they went by stripped him of many of his illusions. But they strengthened his grasp upon his principles.

This then, was, as it seems to me, the mission of Tennyson: to bring home to us the supremacy and universality of law. The exaltation of the materialist and positive element in life, the depreciation of the spiritual and moral element, is the special danger of our age;

a danger arising out of its special greatness. There is one and only one antidote to this danger, the apprehension of law issuing from the nature of things which is rational; the first fact in the universe, though invisible, impalpable, imponderable: most real, indeed, because most spiritual. It seems to me that Tennyson has given us the groundwork of a philosophy of life which will never be overthrown, because it is based upon this eternal adamant. And his stately verse is a fitting vehicle for his august message. The dignity of his diction corresponds with the dignity of his doctrine. He possesses, in ample measure, that charm to quell the commonplace which we find in the great classics, and notably in the foremost poets of Greece and Rome. His poetry is a perpetual *Sursum Corda*—ever elevating our thoughts to what is noble and pure, and to the Eternal Source of all nobleness and all purity. He has told us in lines unsurpassed, as Taine thought, by any writer since Goethe for calm and majesty, how "The old order changeth, giving place to the new." Yes: the old order changeth. We live amid "a dust of systems and of creeds." Much has gone during the last hundred years that men once thought durable as the world itself. Much more is going. What is the prospect? To Tennyson one thing at all events was clear: that neither worthy life for the individual, nor social health for the body politic, is possible, unless we live by something higher than ascertained sequences and co-ordinations of phenomena; unless we appeal to some holier spring of action than the desire of a remembered pleasure. "This ever changing world of changeless law," he sings in one of his poems. Amid the constant flux of all things, the law of the universe does not change. It is necessary, immutable, absolute and eternal. Nor does the power of man's will change:—

a power to make
This ever changing world of circumstance,
In changing, chime with never changing
law.

W. S. LILLY.

From The Revue des Deux Mondes.
A SWISS TOURIST.

What is a tourist? According to the French Academy it is "One who enjoys travel, and travels for his own pleasure and instruction." But explorers, too, enjoy travel. They enjoy it very much indeed, and they travel for their own instruction, and for ours as well. They delight in seeing what no one else has seen before them; and they delight yet more in measuring their own strength, energy and courage, and in doing what the common run of mankind cannot do. Yet who would presume to say that the Mungo Parks, the Caillies, the Barths and the Bingers were merely tourists.

If the Academy has done the tourists more than justice in attributing to them a desire for improvement which they do not always possess, Littré, who was a stay-at-home body, seems unduly to have depreciated them. He defines them rather disdainfully as "persons who visit foreign countries out of mere idleness and curiosity." But all tourists are not idle. Sometimes they are exceedingly busy people who get only occasional vacations of a few months which they improve by stretching their legs. On the other hand all manner of tourists are curious. The geologist who goes through the Alps, for the purpose of studying the formation of glaciers, is animated by a far more vivid curiosity than the chance tourist who ascends Mt. Blanc merely because he wishes to say that he has done so; that upon a given day a certain small man found himself perched upon a peak in the sky where he discovered nothing. Littré adds that the tourist goes a certain round in the countries habitually visited by his compatriots. Now I know some who prefer to go where no one else goes; their humor is solitary; they have a taste for novelties. But they are none the less tourists. The explorer, the missionary, the commercial traveller, and the scientific traveller find their account in travelling. The tourist is essentially a wanderer only, and this is his distinctive mark. Nowadays, thanks to railways and transatlantic steamers, it only depends upon him to go a long

way in a very short time. But however long and laborious his excursion may be the excursion itself is all. The traveller has no concern save that of abandoning himself to the pleasure, the exercise, and the slight inevitable discomfort of travel, of beguiling his fatigue by getting all the amusement he can out of the chance distractions of the route. For the explorer the world is a place where discoveries are to be made. For the savant it is a study. The missionary sees souls to be saved in every place; the "drummer," customers to be beaten up. For the genuine tourist the world is a promenade.

M. Paul Seippel is a Swiss tourist, who, after having gone up and down the earth a great many times, has, at last, been round it, beginning at America. He crossed the Atlantic in the Bourgogne, saw Canada and the river St. Lawrence in flood, saw Montreal and Quebec under melting snows. He visited sundry cities of eastern America, whose numbered blocks, and buildings twelve stories high, inspired him with no wish to settle there. He enjoyed, as he says, "the enchanting spectacle of vast plains where the virgin forests have been replaced by millions of advertising boards, celebrating in gigantic letters the virtues of Castoria, and the surprising efficacy of Bechman's Purgative Pills." He made a tour in California, sailed up the Pacific coast, and saw the salmon-fisheries of the river Columbia. At Victoria he embarked for Yokohama and passed two months and a half in Japan. He then took ship again, gave a passing look at Shangai Hongkong, Canton, Macao, Saigon and Singapore, and passed the winter at Cexon in the sanatorium of Nuwara Ellixa. All he had to do after that was to return to Geneva; but he stopped over, both at Bombay and Cairo, and arrived home exactly a year, to a day, from the time of his departure.

This was surely a tremendous tour. But the traveller is modest. He calls himself a simple tourist or *globe-trotter*. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that he saw a great deal and saw it well. The

principal episodes of his excursion have supplied him with the materials for a handsomely illustrated quarto volume, which is very good reading. Not only has he good eyes. He has gaiety and humor and he does not lack philosophy. Now cheerful philosophers are rare at the present time. Yet you might almost think, to hear M. Seippel talk, that he regretted having journeyed so far. He protests that the most amusing and profitable of journeys are, after all, those which a man may make without leaving home; and that if travellers were only honest and told the whole truth, —if they recounted their sufferings, their misadventures, their attacks of melancholy, the incessant packing and unpacking of valises, the arrival in tiresome and dismal hotel bedrooms, the bad beds, the loathly table d'hôte, "with its vague viands, swimming in that famous international sauce which is the same in all latitudes," the people who stay at home would realize that they had chosen the better part—and Cook's Agency would fail. He has discovered that this big world is, after all, very little, and that one soon gets to the other side of it. He brought back from Japan a Bouddha in bold-lacquer sitting with closed eyes and crossed legs, on an open lotus-flower. He often talks with this deity, who is at once lofty and compassionate and who enjoys telling him that the universe is only a vain appearance, a dream, a foam-bubble. One of the vignettes in his book represents the painted wood-work ornamenting the stable of a horse which is consecrated to the service of a temple of Nikko. Here are depicted three apes, convinced disciples of Cakia-Mouni, all sitting under the same tree which is full of fragrant blossoms. One of them is stopping his eyes, another his nose, the third his ears. To see, to smell, to hear *nothing*—herein is supreme wisdom!

After discoursing with Cakia-Mouni, M. Seippel meditates a little on the twentieth chapter of the first book of the "Imitation." "What can you see elsewhere which you do not see where you now are? Here are the sky, the earth, the elements, and it is from these that

all things are made. . . . Leave vain things to vain men. Close your own door behind you. Had you never gone out, and heard the uproar of the world, you would have remained in the sweet peace of this place. It is because you love to hear new things, that you have now to support a troubled spirit. . . . And M. Seippel resolves that he will close his door, and avoid trouble of mind and the uproar of the world, by simply staying at home. He declares that he has passed the best years of his youth in incessantly roaming the earth, only to discover, one fine day, that after all he dislikes travelling. Do not believe him; he is fibbing. To-morrow he will feel the need of beholding yellow, brown or black faces, and will strap his trunks with a light heart. "The cell which is rarely quitted," says the "Imitation" "becomes very sweet. Frequently abandoned it is wearisome." This is not the wisdom of the tourist. If he have a healthy mind he will enjoy quitting his cell just as much as he enjoys returning to it with a "Here I am again!" and M. Seippel has a peculiarly healthy mind.

But there are tourists and tourists. The larger number are incapable of recounting their recollections for the excellent reason that they have seen nothing, and remember nothing. "At the Grand-Hotel of Yokohama," says M. Seippel, "I met two young globe-trotters from Chicago, who were passing a month in Japan. They literally spent their whole time in the billiard-room playing 'pyramid' and drinking various kinds of 'cocktails.' Others, more enterprising, had pushed on as far as Mianostita, where, in a barren valley, the most melancholy in all Japan, there is an hotel, which is, for some inscrutable reason, very fashionable. One may always count upon meeting there a choice collection of international snobs, entirely absorbed in astonishing one another, by the renown of their titles, the splendor of their millions, or the elegance of their cravats. In their character of free citizens of a great and impartial democracy, a good many American tourists adore this sort of

villegiatura, where they sometimes get the chance of rubbing elbows with a real lord."

But snobbishness is, after all, a form of happiness, and these people are not to be pitied. Let us rather reserve our compassion for the melancholy tourists who have come out of their own place in the vain hope of finding one which will suit them better. These are the folk who carry their own irremediable ennui, by land-ways and water-ways from one end of the world to the other. They try the most varied modes of treatment for their complaint: they compel it to behold blue skies and grey skies; to breathe the keen air of heaven-kissing peaks, and the salt breezes of ocean. They dose it with *saki*; they teach it to chew *bétel*, and smoke opium; they take it to all the casinos and all the caravanseries; the tea-houses and the flower-boats; and it comes out of them all with haggard eyes and leaden complexion, yawning with as deep a conviction as that with which it yawned in the cell.

There are others who suffer less from ennui because what they take with them all over the world, is their own self-satisfaction and contempt of others. Going by French steamers from Hongkong to Singapore, M. Seippel had for travelling-companion a certain Mr. Johnson who was, he assures us, a source of inexhaustible delight. He was a young English gentleman who had settled in Canada. He had remained two days at Hongkong; he proposed to pass four at Java, and two at Sydney and then return directly to Vancouver. A three months' voyage, with nine days ashore—such was his programme.

He was lately married and had with him his young wife who suffered cruelly from sea-sickness. She fainted before they were well out of port. They were a very devoted pair; always sat side by side, and never by any chance, spoke to one another. He smoked his short pipe, drank "whiskey-and-sodas," and read Murray's guide-book. Pale and exhausted, she lay on a heap of cushions and suffered with resignation. Mr.

Johnson was travelling for his own pleasure; which was, of course, more to him than the pleasure of his wife. But in what did the pleasure of Mr. Johnson consist? In discoursing the whole way on the superiority of the English to all other nations. Why then had Mr. Johnson deigned to take passage on a French steamer?

Because he was thereby enabled to stop at Saigon and convince himself, by personal observation, that all French colonies are all misery and lies. His pleasure was damped by the fact that Saigon, according to M. Seippel, is one of the pleasantest towns of the extreme east: with broad, well-kept streets, pretty white houses surrounded by gardens, fine shops and an hotel which has not its equal at Hongkong or Singapore, or anywhere in India. Mr. Johnson had some fried apples there, which he found so delicious, that after clearing the dish he asked for more. But he by no means lowered his crest on account of this transitory humiliation.

The born tourist, the only one who possesses eyes and can produce books—is a very different creature from the victims of boredom, the snobs, and the Johnsons. He is not very keen about science, he does not plume himself on possessing a profound knowledge of geography or history, and if he occasionally displays information, it is not his main object to do so. He is, above all, an impressionist, and what he is after in foreign lands are certain vibrations of his own nerves and brain which he would never have known if he had not quitted his cell. A man's impressions are worth just as much as he himself is worth. If they are to be interesting and noteworthy he must be one who both sees and feels things after a fashion of his own, and can impart what he sees and feels. Above all he must have delicate sensibility united to a keen and active imagination. M. Seippel ought to be satisfied with his own equipment in this regard. His wings quiver like those of a dragon-fly, who soars to alight and alights only to soar again. It takes very little to

make him vibrate. Any pretext will do. At Macao he passed some hours of delightful dreaming in the deserted garden where Camoëns composed his "Lusiad," which has now become a consecrated wilderness, glowing with all the splendor of tropical vegetation. He received in that flowery desert an indefinable impression, the like of which had never visited him before in any foreign land. It seemed to him that Camoëns' garden had the majesty of a sanctuary. Strange power of a name over the brain of a poet! For—"Did you ever read the 'Lusiad'?" he asks his reader, "I must confess that I never did." Not only had he never read the "Lusiad" but he had rather dim notions about the hero of the poem, Vasco de Gama, whom he makes double Cape Horn. But what signifies a trifle like this? A man and garden had captured his heart, and he vibrated.

Serious travellers are supposed never to start for distant countries without much learned preparation. They have read all there is to read, ordered all the authors to stand and deliver, despoiled all the documents, made out their lists of questions to be answered, and problems to be solved. The impressionist traveller makes his preparation too, but after another fashion. He tries to picture to himself the lands he is going to see, he will then have the pleasure of comparing his imaginations with the reality; while the reality serves him as a basis for other images and other dreams.

Il fait du miel de toute chose.

Such, at all events, is M. Seippel's method. Before seeing the Far East in the flesh, he had seen it in vision; and, not being of an exacting disposition, he had few disappointments. Usually the reality seemed to him quite as beautiful as the dream, or even more so. He describes with enthusiasm the garden of the old Bouddhas; and recounts with equal spirit and charm his arrival amid pouring rain in the Island of Ceylon; his nocturnal promenade by moonlight, in the jungle which borders Lake Kandy, and all the emotions he expe-

rienced in that strange forest, still hot from the day's sunshine, "Where swarms of fire-flies leaped in cheaves of light to the very tops of the trees," where confused murmurs come out of the depths, and there was a perfect riot of "those lascivious plants which are like philtres for secreting strong poisons—priestesses of passion, who spread their shameless corollas in the solitude of the sacred woods, and offer themselves to every passing breeze." Smothered in warm perfumes, his body bathed in sweat, he suffered himself to be caught and snared; he abandoned himself to the dangerous raptures of the great and terrible Maya. Unconscious whether he slept or woke he mingled with the mighty *whole*, he ceased to have a separate existence; he felt his *me* slipping away from him. Happily he found it again, and it would have been a great pity if he had not, for it is a bright, genial, refreshing sort of *me* which must often entertain him greatly.

The tourist is but a passer-by, but a passer-by with a keen and ready intelligence, and a gift and taste for observation does not confine himself to seeing. He comments upon his impressions. He reflects, and it would surprise me very much if the impressions of M. Seippel were not just. Visiting Salt Lake City he notes the decline of Mormonism, and remarks that "if Brigham Young has founded nothing durable in the spiritual order it is because this is the inevitable outcome of a doctrine devoid of ideals." He also went two hours by rail from San Francisco, to visit, in the smiling Sta Clara valley, the university recently created by an American millionaire, the late Leland Stanford, at one time governor of California, who devoted thirty millions of dollars to this foundation. The buildings are luxurious, the installation magnificent, but in this co-educational institution, it is chiefly the girls who study. The boys are keener for sport than for science. The library leaves nothing to be desired in the way of light, heat, and ventilation; the only trouble is that there are more empty shelves than books. Out of twenty-

three thousand numbers in the catalogue, ten thousand come under the head of *Railways*. There is a complete collection of old railway guides: precious documents for a student who wanted to write a thesis on the comparative speed of trains in different parts of the globe. The Museum is an extravagant collection of rubbish acquired, and piously admired by Mr. Stanford. The principal hall contains his own relics, in glass cases, especially two umbrellas—one of alpaca—a humble witness to his laborious beginnings; another of twilled silk, with a gold handle—a symbol of the greatness to which he subsequently attained. As he came away from Stanford University M. Seippel jotted down in his memorandum-book: "Nothing can be improvised in the intellectual order, or by the aid of dollars only," a judicious reflection capable of consoling those idealists who have but a faint hope of ever becoming millionaires.

He saw boys and girls at Nippon going about the streets quite naked, and marvelled how the Japanese could unite so paradisiacal a simplicity of costume, to extreme refinement of manners. It proves, according to him, that the sentiment of modesty is everywhere in inverse ratio to the mean height of the thermometer; and that, all powerful in northern lands, it evaporates appreciably under southern suns, to disappear altogether in the tropics. He complains that these same Japanese laugh at everything, and that their dry and nervous cachinnation rings false to our ears and, in the end, becomes intolerable. He opines that the lachrymal gland must be atrophied among them, for he never saw a tear in all Japan: "Not one—not even in the pretty babies' eyes!" He complains, too, that these people, with their marvellous artistic endowment, ingenious, but too imitative, are going to lose their proper genius through contact with Europeans and replace it by the genius of counterfeit; that "they can make Swedish matches as nicely as the Belgians themselves; but that there is no longer an artist to be found, who can make a truly

beautiful box in gold-lacquer. Finally, he charges them with lack of great commercial qualities, in which respect he finds them inferior to their rivals of the Celestial Empire: says that they lack that fundamental good faith which is the basis of credit; and affirms on the testimony of traders in the Extreme East that the word of a respectable and well-known Chinaman is worth more than the bond of a Japanese, formally signed and sealed. He says that the poor Chinamen, so despised at the present time, have doubtless their little faults; but that China is a country where men respect their mothers and their dead—virtues which atone for a good many defects.

While he was staying in the island of Ceylon among the tea-planters, he saw two Englishmen, tanned by tropic suns, pimply with whiskey, and beginning to get grey, but stout fellows, who were earnest, impassioned systematic golf-players. Every day at exactly the same hour, whether it were fine, or blowing a gale, or raining in floods, they got into their toggery—short trousers, long stockings, knitted jackets, and played their game for several hours; never opening their lips except to say *damn!* when they missed a stroke. M. Seippel has an open mind. He recognizes the fact that whether in labor, politics or sport the distinctive characteristic of the Englishman, is to throw himself wholly into what he is doing; and that this tenacity of purpose, this seriousness in small things no less than in great, this concentrated attention is the secret of their success in colonization, and the prosperity of their colossal empire. But he also notes the fact at Saigon, that while Great Britain treats her subjects like beings of an inferior caste, with gruff hauteur, the yoke of the French appears lighter and more agreeable to the governed.

"The genius of France," he says, "is less practical doubtless, but more amiable. Let her pursue, at the cost of generous sacrifices, her purpose in the extreme Orient, to the end that a smile may occasionally arise to diminish the frightful distance between the white

man and the yellow!" Impressions like these are worth while, and whatever the glorious Unknown who wrote the "Imitation" may say, it is good sometimes to escape from one's cell.

M. Seippel, who is absolutely without pretension, does not flatter himself that he has penetrated all the secrets either of the Chinese or Japanese soul. To that end it would be needful to know both languages, and such knowledge is no light affair. And even if one had mastered those tongues, the sentiments of the yellow races would present an enigma most difficult to decipher. Consider what difficulty we have with our own! Passers-by see only the façade of the mansion. Its internal arrangements remain unknown. But wherever M. Seippel has found an open window, he has taken a peep inside, and the sketches of souls which he has snatched in this way, are finely touched, and do honor to his pencil.

Once upon Mount Nikko in the burial-place of a hero which had been converted into a garden—a silent, solitary place, he struck up a friendship with a little Japanese maiden who had a feeling heart. Her name was Oharou—which means Spring. She had undertaken to repair a very small Bouddha which had lost its head. She had picked up the stone ball, put it back in place, and fastened it there with linen bands. To defend the sick Bouddha from the chill of the long rainy nights, she had wrapped it thickly in white cloth. But wishing it also to present a respectable appearance, she had adorned it with a sash, tied in a big bow behind like the one she wore herself. It was the impression of Mlle. Spring that the Bouddha would not be ungrateful for her care, and that in the future life, his nurse would be a great princess. She had very beautiful manners. She turned her toes in when she walked, and could make such fine bows that she touched the ground with the tip of her nose. She offered M. Seippel some late azaleas which she had gathered upon the mountain on purpose for him; and he, in return, presented her with cakes which she did not always finish. He

used to steal them at his hotel; for great friendships often suggest great crimes. He found Oharou exquisite; though he sometimes reproached her with standing too much upon ceremony amid all her springtime graces. She was eight years old; and he permits himself to believe that she was not compromised by their meetings. What a pretty silhouette, or subject for a poem!

Much less poetic is the figure of M. Nitchipoura, a kind of universal genius; lawyer, agitator, politician, man-of-letters, journalist, at one time the head of a department in the War Office, but now acting as guide and interpreter, with whom M. Seippel passed three months. This lively and nervous little Japanese, with his sallow skin, his small and exceedingly bright black eyes, thin lips and crafty expression, is a man of fashion and of unfailing politeness. So much the better, for he is also hot-headed and high-tempered and it is only in Japan that a man may retain all his polish of manner, even amid transports of rage. This interpreter-guide can turn his hand to anything. His regular business is showing the country to globe-trotters; but in seasons of leisure, he keeps a school at Tokio, or deals in curios, or deals a little in the way of commissions, forwarding, and exportation. Otherwise he writes verses, squibs, or romances; and sometimes virulent articles which obtain him a few months in prison, but by no means sever his connection with the official world. This accomplished creature has a perfect genius for *packing*. He has not his equal in the art of folding a garment for a trunk; and since he is also well read, highly cultivated, skilled both in holding an argument and narrating an adventure, steeped in the history and legends of his country, his conversation is most instructive. But one must not believe all he says. He is a boaster—a Gascon; there are a good many of them in Japan. He might say with the Jesuit missionary who had lost his own faith, but continued none the less to face death for the sake of converting savages: "You have no idea what a pleasure it is to

persuade people of what one does not believe oneself!"

In his character of ardent conservative, M. Nitchipoura demands the expulsion of all those foreigners on whom he lives. As a fierce patriot he abhors the Russians, who have compelled Japan to evacuate Corea, and taken the bread out of his mouth. He proposes one day to go and conquer Russia, and on M. Seippel's reminding him of the misadventure of Napoleon I. he replied, without the quiver of an eyelash: "Precisely. We shall avoid his mistake by going to Moscow in the summer."

But no one is perfect, and even M. Nitchipoura has his weakness. He is too fond of rice brandy. A husband and father, he finds pleasure in the society of agreeable mousmés, and of gueschas, or dancing-girls, whose virtue is not of the sternest. He has a passion for play and understands how to repair his fortunes. Once when he had taken a little too much *saki*, he remarked with a fatuous smile, that he was really too good a player ever to need to cheat. But a man always finds his master sooner or later, and one fine day he lost his last sou to two players better than himself. He was not angry. He never is angry. He only regarded his spoilers with a kind of mournful admiration, and made them endless bows, while promising to resume their little entertainment at no distant day.

Courteous even with men, M. Nitchipoura, who is both Shintoist and Boudhist, is infinitely polite to all the gods. He never omits the smallest attention to those whose chapels he may chance to pass on the wayside or in the woods. He always carries in his pocket gummed labels, on which he inscribes brief prayers, and applies them after careful licking, to the faces of the gods of fountains, marriage, medicine, merchants, and thieves. What is it that he asks for? That is a secret between them and him. M. Seippel thinks that he adjures them, first to preserve him from cholera of which he has a mortal terror; then to grant him a good digestion, hard cash, the favor of the little *gueschas*, that of the Japanese Queen of Spades, and the extermination of all

foreigners. "Sometimes," says M. Seippel, "I have found myself gazing fixedly and with a certain anxiety, at this little man, with his exaggerated expression of deference, ready apparently to break himself in two for me. And I have asked myself, 'What sort of a maggot is it, really?' It seems to me that the more I see of him the less I know him. Oh, how I should like to open him and look inside!" But he quitted Japan without opening M. Nitchipoura and discovering his secret, and perhaps after all, there was no secret to discover.

Japan, with its eternal smile, and Nitchipoura, cheating, boasting, perorating, praying, and incapable of tears, troubled the soul of M. Seippel. He was quieted, pacified, and reassured when he encountered at Calro, in the Mussulman university attached to the flourishing—or once flourishing—mosque of El Azhar, Islam personified in a certain aged sheik, grown grey in his professorate, sitting on his heels, with his back against a column and a beautiful turban on his head, holding the Koran in one hand, and caressing with the other the long waves of his flowing beard. This austere doctor, grave and gentle, was expounding the mysteries of the one Book, the source of all knowledge, to a circle of attentive youth, squatted about him on the stones of the sacred pavement and drinking in his instructions with the same concentration with which a camel drinks from a well in the East. The old man would read a verse, comment upon it learnedly, compare it with its context, quote authorities, review controversies, set forth objections, and dispose of them on the authority of the Prophet.

Whenever he touched upon a delicate point, he would sink his voice almost to a whisper, while his eyes seemed to say: "Listen, for here we have the conclusion of the whole matter." And, "Oh, my aged master," says M. Seippel, "how can I ever thank you enough for the happy hours I have passed in listening to words of yours which I did not in the least understand, but of which the slow and solemn music lulled every anxious thought! From your voice,

from your gestures, from your face, there breathed I know not what soothing suggestion of an impression, an impression of *safety*. Your European confrères are not reassuring folk. They are never sure of what they say, or else they never tell you what you need to do in order to live in peace. They only teach you to repeat without ceasing, "What is truth?" But you—you hold it in your hands! It is all in your book!"

Such are the varied impressions which a tourist capable of receiving them may glean abundantly along his pathway. Whatever he may pretend, M. Seippel is delighted to have been round the world; and if he affects to depreciate the tourists' calling, it is only that he may keep its advantages all to himself. He spits into the dish for the mere purpose of disgusting others therewith. It is not only people of inquiring minds, like his, who would do well to embrace this calling. Distant peregrinations are also to be recommended to idle folk, who will be stirred up by exercise, to mouldy brains which it will enliven, and to those men of routine, to whom unaccustomed things may minister a wholesome astonishment.

I do not see that there is any one, except the immediate sceptic, who has nothing to gain by becoming a *globetrotter*. The diversity of manners, customs and principles of conduct, the spectacle of human contradictions tends to ameliorate a man's malignity. He will come back with a few additional doubts, and if he has not already mice enough in his granary, those which he brings from among the yellow races, will make short work of the little corn he has left. On the other hand, the bigot will find that it is an excellent thing to have seen the other side of the globe. When he has made the acquaintance both of the Shintoist *Bonza* in the garden of Bouddha, and the white-headed sheik in the Mosque of El Azhar, he will perceive that both have bowed their lofty reason, to what he himself considers a ridiculous chimera. But when he has also perceived that, in the perfect assurance of their faith they have made their errors

and absurdities subserve the cause of wise and righteous living, if he does not learn to distrust his own convictions, he will at least learn that indulgence for those of others, which is the first of social virtues.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE from the French of G. Valbert.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THAT AWKWARD BOY.

The air was very still and laden with the perfume of innumerable flowers in the straight downpour of sunshine. The steaming sweetness of the earth rose in a vapor of light and heat, and the pungent scent of bloom fading in the sun, an infinity of light and color, of hot, heavy fragrance and ceaseless shining of all that makes up the glory of white noon in a southern garden. And in the radiant midst of it all, a small, grey figure wandered restlessly from bush to bush, from the bed of large, pale violets to the tufts of wind-flowers, from the orange-trees to the riotous tangle of tiny golden roses.

"Herr Baby! Oh, Herr Baby! You have broken that chair *this time*!" said Frau Horn.

"And knocked over my table,—and my work,—oh, do be careful, you very awkward boy! Can't you learn to remember that your feet are about a mile away from the rest of you?" added the little baroness with a twinkle; but he was out of hearing, for he had seen Peggie going round the garden to say good-bye to the flowers she loved so well, and he had flung himself out of the window to have the chance of a last talk with her. He arrived upon his hands and face instead of upon his feet reasonably; but every one was used to the big Dutchman's clumsiness and no one more than himself, so he took such incidents as a matter of course, unconcernedly.

He had been big,—inconveniently, undesirably big—all his life, he said, though to be sure that was not such a

very long time. But nobody would have thought he was so young; even his awkwardness, which was colossal, as Frau Horn said plaintively, was not of a juvenile kind, and his huge limbs and spreading shoulders had something of the aged and ungainly look which is the birthright of an elephant. Then he had big, uneven features, that were built together in a studied irregularity, and a rough mane of red hair which never settled itself in less than two or three directions. Altogether, as his old Dutch nurse had said of him when he was (relatively) a small boy, "Hendrik isn't handsome, and there's so much of him that one never has a chance of forgetting it." He had a way, moreover, of looking so ponderously solemn, even in his most frivolous moments, that the very idea of youth seemed ridiculous in connection with him. There had, in fact, been a shout of laughter when it was discovered one night that he was only Peggie's elder by a few weeks; and she, who had hitherto been made much of as the baby of the Pension, transferred to him maliciously half her proprietary interest in the title. Ever since that he had been called among them Herr Baby, to replace the difficult gutturals that made up his name by right; as she had long been nothing other than Ma'am'selle Baby even to the French chambermaids. For it takes so little to make one laugh in the midst of sunshine and flowers, and the uplifted mountains that shut out of sight the grey face of winter, and, perhaps, that other shrouded phantom from the fear of which one has for a little while got free.

The nickname was the little baroness's doing in the first instance. She had made a pet of Peggie for the sake of her bright ways and laughing face, though, if it came to that, no one could be more elfinly merry and lovable than the little old lady herself. But then, if one has been crippled all one's life, in the course of time one arrives at being either a very detestable person, or just such a fairy god-mother as only a tiny old woman with the merriest wit

in the world can be; and having chosen the latter, she had developed into a very exquisite morsel of humanity indeed. And she had set herself to pet and spoil Peggie with all her might, seeing, in her sweet, shrewd wisdom, that the girl had pined for the want of it throughout her dreary young life; and since Hendrik, the big Dutchman, had been adopted as the other baby, the little baroness had petted him too, though with a hesitating familiarity, much as one pats a great awkward dog that is apt to sweep the table with his responsive tail.

There had perhaps been a good deal of jealousy between Hendrik and Peggie (though, to be sure, it was all on one side) when the little old lady first began to divide her favors; but when you are only nineteen and wholesomely unsentimental, it is so much easier to be good friends, especially when the one is a pretty, mischievous little girl, and the other a huge, good-natured, companionable boy. And after all, his very awkwardness had only been another excuse for laughter, and they were so ready to laugh in this safe little corner of the hills where it seemed so easy not to be ill; and Hendrik and Peggie had been the best of friends,—till, on a sudden, the end had come, and the news of her uncle's illness had summoned her home.

Peggie was wandering about the garden, feeling very miserable. She had been so happy here, where every one had been kind to her, and the sense of being a petted child among them had been so unfamiliar and so sweet. And it was hard to go back to that dark, silent house where she was so little wanted, away from the sunshine and the large air and the flowers; even here she shivered when she thought of the gloomy street, all the more dull and lonely that London lay close outside of it. And she would be shut into it again, as she had been before, till all the old tired feelings came back, and the headaches and the pale cheeks that the sun had driven away. Yes, she was very unhappy; and yet when Hendrik picked himself up from the rose-

bed into which he had tumbled, and slouched towards her, she met him with laughter.

"Oh," she cried, "Herr Baby, if you could only see yourself! Your face is covered with scratches, and you look *so*,—and besides, you'll spoil the roses, and it's such a pity!" He shook his red head solemnly. "I know," he said, in his guttural North-Dutch voice, "I know; I've spoiled them already. Bother! What does it matter? You are going away, and there's no one else that cares about them. And it can't make *me* any uglier than I am already."

Peggie surveyed him thoughtfully. "Oh, but I think it does," she said with an idea of consolation that was well meant; "yes, really it *does*. Besides, it makes you look as if you had been fighting, and that isn't respectable, you know, for a person of your age. Oh, Herr Baby, it's all very well to laugh, but isn't it dreadful that I must go away?"

Hendrik growled gutturally.

"It's all very well for you," she went on, with tears in her eyes; "you need not go for another month yet, and you can come back next winter. I hate rich people that can do all sorts of things, when I can't. And you needn't pretend you come here for any reason except that you like it; nobody could be ill that had such great wide shoulders, I'm sure. Oh, you may cough, if you like, but that's nothing. When I was sent here, I had been ill, really ill, only uncle said he couldn't afford such useless expense again, and this time I had better just d—die. And then you are going to Holland, you horrid boy, to nice picturesque Holland, that I'd give anything to see. And I,—I must go back to that disgusting old street."

Peggie was more than half crying, and the words tumbled out unrestrainedly. She looked very small and very childish, standing in the midst of the blaze of sunshine, with her eyes tearful and shining under the shadow of her hat. Hendrik objected to that big hat; so often, in regarding her, he could see nothing but the top of it.

"I had much rather go to London than home to Holland," he said with gloom. "And I hate this place now. What shall we do without you? What will Signor Baruca do? What will the little baroness do? And what shall I do, good Heavens! without Ma'am'selle Baby?"

"You!" she answered, laughing through her tears; "you will break some more furniture and,—and I'm afraid you will let the little baroness tumble. I don't think you really ought to try to help her about; and I *hate* that you should take my place."

"She wouldn't let me help her; and I could never take your place even if I tried. There isn't any one that could do things as,—as you do them. But when your uncle is better, can't you come back?"

"No," she said sorrowfully; "you see he only sent me here because the doctor ordered it, and I had a few pounds of my own to pay for the journey. He told me he wouldn't do it again, so I needn't fall ill on purpose. He 's not very kind, you see, and perhaps he is not very rich, or at least, he thinks he ought to spend his money on himself. And as it is, he has to dress and feed me, and I dare say I cost him a great deal. And he thinks I ought to stay at home; he says all this fancy for change of air is nonsense. I wouldn't mind so much if he wanted me, or if there were anything for me to do. But as it is—"

"There may be other people that want you," Hendrik remarked, with his eyes on the ground.

"There isn't any one else," she said with a sigh; "I have no one in the world that belongs to me but my uncle. That is why I have been so happy here, it has only been a holiday to you; but to me it was home—a great deal more homelike than anything I have ever seen."

"You,—you wouldn't marry me, I suppose?" he said suddenly, without looking at her.

"Marry *you*!" Peggie gasped helplessly. "Oh *no*! What an idea! I don't want to marry anybody,—and,—"

and oh, how funny to think of marrying you, you queer big boy!"

She broke into candid laughter, while Hendrik dug holes in the gravel with his foot. Peggie regarded him heartlessly; the scratches on his face made him really look so absurd; and how cross he was, to be sure,—any one would have thought that he was in earnest. But of course it was all nonsense. She put her hand through his arm, and stood on tip-toe to see him better.

"Now, Herr Baby," she said, "you know you don't mean it. Why, you never even thought of it till just this minute! And suppose I had taken you at your word, where would you have been then? Only I'm not so foolish, and we have been such good friends, that it seems a pity that you should have spoiled it all at the last. But it sha'n't be spoiled; we'll forget it altogether; till some day, if ever we meet again, you will be ready to laugh at it with me, won't you?"

Hendrik looked away, over the top of her head. "I don't know that I want to forget about it," he said slowly; "and I think I would like you to remember too. I wish you would think over it a little, when you are away from here; and if it should happen that you changed your mind—"

"But I am sure I sha'n't," she murmured.

"If you should," he went on patiently, "I would like you to write and tell me so. Or at least, write, and I'll know what it means, whatever you say. I want you to promise me that, Ma'amselle Baby."

It was a long speech for him, and Peggie stared at him in a growing uneasiness. "Oh, yes," she said with a little hesitation, "I'll promise if you like. It would be a dreadful thing to do, you know, only there is not the least chance of it; please understand that. I—oh dear, I never even thought of such a thing at all!"

"Of course you didn't. That comes of being such an ugly awkward brate as I am."

She checked him indignantly. "You

must not say such things," she exclaimed, "in my hearing. We have been good friends, and I will not allow my friends to be ill-spoken of, even by themselves. And besides, it is not true."

"Even the little baroness always calls me a clumsy boy."

"So do I, often. That's nothing; that's only a pet name; what *you* said was much worse. And if you had been the handsomest man in the world, it would have been all the same. I never thought of marrying anybody, and I don't think I want to. I want to amuse myself; I want to have flowers, and sunshine, and people to be kind to me. I don't mean to be married at all."

"You'll change your mind some day."

"I sha'n't," and she stamped her foot impatiently. "Herr Baby, I hate to be contradicted! And you are making me waste my time, when I ought to be getting ready. It's quite late, already—oh, dear, dear, how sorry I am to go away!"

She turned to go in, and he followed her lugubriously, tripping over her dress and his own feet, and decorated with a network of angry red scratches down one side of his face. Herr Baby was certainly not handsome.

There was a bad half hour to be gone through before Peggie, and most of the able-bodied residents at the Pension, arrived at the station. Frau Horn broke down helplessly in saying good-bye, and carried away her amiable foolish face and latest Parisian fashions to weep in private; and the little baroness had at last to be forcibly removed from Peggie's arms, which were very loth indeed to let her go. Old Signor Baruca (who had a heart, as he explained ambiguously) was so ferociously ill-tempered that the rest of them wondered how Peggie dared to hug him with such irreverence; and Mr. Lawley-Green, who had tried to take refuge in a quite foreign facetiousness, had actually to wipe real tears from his own elderly eyes with the huge bandanna which he had brought out only to make them laugh. Ah! It had taken so little to make them laugh,

but this was the beginning of the end, and presently they must all go back to the other side of the hills, to meet that which might be waiting for them.

It was a dismal little party indeed that walked across to the station, where Peggie gulped down a sob as she remembered the night when she had arrived in the darkness, to be met with such a scent of roses and hellotrope and orange-blossoms as almost set her crying with sheer delight and wonder.

Hendrik came up to her as they stood on the platform, and shook hands with her absent-mindedly. "Ma'amselle Baby," he said in his gruff voice, perhaps just now a little hoarser than usual, "remember,—you promised. You won't forget, or let any other feeling keep you from—from writing, will you? You will be quite sure to remember?"

He coughed a little as he finished, and shivered; the day had clouded over, and the sunset chill was stealing into the air. Peggie looked up at him with a very childish and sweet penitence. "I won't forget," she said softly. "Only I'm so truly sorry! But I'm sure I shall never change my mind."

He paused a moment, holding her hand; then his eyes met hers. "I'll take the risk," he said; "I've got to take a good many risks. Perhaps—I hadn't thought of that—it may be better so, after all."

He turned away; and Peggie stood where he had left her, with a strange feeling somewhere about her throat, and a busy little imp in her brain asking many questions. What did he mean? And why had he gone away? She was not quite sure that she was not angry; and, *why* had he never looked at her like that before?

But here was the train; and, among them, she and her belongings were hoisted into a compartment, and the last words, really the last now, were said. But where was Herr Baby? He had vanished, and Peggie, this time, was quite sure that she was angry with him. That he should not be there to see the last of her—that she was not to see him again—of course *she* did not

care, but she was disappointed in him. Perhaps—perhaps *he* had begun to change his mind, already; perhaps that was what he had meant when he had said it might be "better so." But suddenly his red head and great shoulders filled the window, and a huge bunch of roses and a box of bonbons lay upon her lap.

"I almost forgot," he said; "I had left them in the waiting-room. You may as well have them. Good-bye, it's been very jolly, hasn't it?"

"Oh, thank you!" she cried; no, she really was not in the least angry with him, after all. "Dear Herr Baby, thank you with all my heart for—everything. Oh, there's the train starting! Please don't tumble when you get down; you know you are so awkward. Good-bye and thank you,—Hendrik!"

Whether it was the shock of the last word, or only his usual difficulty with his unmanageable limbs, no one could say; but Herr Baby sprawled upon the platform all his long length, and a little rosebud chosen from the bunch he had given her fluttered down beside him from Peggie's vanishing hand.

"I knew he would tumble!" she said hysterically; "what dreadful legs he has! And—oh dear!—what a ridiculous way to see the last of him! But I wish,—I wish I knew why he said it might be 'better so.'"

And Peggie alternately laughed and cried till she tired herself out and went to sleep.

She had plenty of time to wonder what Hendrik had meant when she got home. There, as she had expected, there was nothing for her to do; if the inexorable routine of the house was broken as regards the sick-room, she at least was no more free from it than she had ever been. She was given to understand that whatever might go on up-stairs (where hispal nurses were installed, to the infinite disapproval of the old housekeeper), she must keep herself to the dismal dining-room with its shabby chairs set gloomily against the wall, and the gathered fire smouldering, black and comfortless, in a cor-

ner of the grate. Inevitable meals came up, were set before her, were taken away with no one to notice, no one to care whether she ate of them; even the daily walks with the maid at her heels were forbidden, as unbecoming to one living in a house of sickness. Her uncle did not want her, had never wanted her, near him; there was not even enough of a tie between them to move her with his danger. And perhaps Peggie had something of the hard-heartedness of youth which cannot realize the approach of change, and thinks that what it has been always used to must necessarily go on forever. So she did not concern herself with the strange faces she sometimes met on the stairs, nor trouble herself when the doctor looked grave, but withdrew into the company of her own thoughts. Now and then letters (which she carried about with her for an hour or two unopened, so as to lengthen her enjoyment of them), came from the little baroness, and more rarely from the others; but they said very little about Hendrik, and somehow she wanted very much to know what he was doing.

"The awkward boy has grown worse than ever since you went, and will scarcely speak to us," one letter said; "but he tries, by fits and by starts, to be helpful. The consequence is that he has broken three cups, a tumbler, two chairs, and a footstool. He says things are all made of eggshell here, and he thinks he will go home."

And then some weeks later, when even in London spring was in full green, there was more news of him, this time from Frau Horn.

"Herr Baby has gone, indeed, has been gone some time; very foolishly, as we all thought, for he had a terrible cough, and was looking very ill. And North Holland at this time of year is suicidal. He got a chill the day you left, when it turned so cold about sunset; he stayed out till quite late, walking on the hills, because the house, he said, was so dull—well! we all found it dull without you—so he got a chill. It seems his lungs were weak, and that

was why he wintered in the South; he had thought himself cured, he told us (very grumpily, I assure you), but the mischief had broken out again, and he wanted to get home. Really, he did not look fit to travel. Oh, by the way, he gave me a message for you; he hoped you were well, and you were not to remember what he said to you, after all. It would be better so, he said. What is it all about, my dear? We are very curious."

Peggie had a good deal to think about when she had finished reading, and re-reading, her letter.

First of all she had to make up her mind what it was that would be *better so*; but it seemed to her, unwillingly, that she understood that now, though of course it was nonsense, and she would not let herself be worried by it. And then she had to find out what she had been thinking of, all through the long, lonely weeks since she had come home; that was pretty easily done, too. And, lastly, she had to write a letter; and that was difficult if you like. Peggie wasted a great many sheets of paper, and went to bed at last with a tired head and aching eyes; and the worst of it was, with the letter still unwritten.

Next morning she sat down to it again. This time she contented herself with a very few lines; she had heard of his cold (for, of course, it was only a cold,—it was so foolish to make much of it—) and hoped it was better; she was sorry he got it when seeing her off; and would he write, when he had time, to his, very sincerely, Peggie?

Then she surveyed it with dissatisfaction. "Write what you like," he had said; "I shall know what it means." Yes,—but suppose he did not understand? Suppose he was afraid to understand? He might think it was really no more than an inquiry after his cold—that cold! Peggie never seemed to get away from the thought of it. She added a very short postscript; "I have changed my mind." Her cheeks were scarlet as she wrote the sheet; then she sealed it up in a great hurry, and when she heard the

door open, she hid the envelope under the blotting paper. It was only the doctor with his daily report; she wished he would go away.

"A good deal better," he repeated, as he went out again. "Oh, undoubtedly, a good deal better. You will soon be relieved from all anxiety."

She hoped so; certainly, she hoped so; but it would be four or five days before an answer could come all the way from the furthest corner of Holland. There were times when she could not help being terribly afraid that, after all, it might be *better so*. If only Hendrik had not said that! She slipped out by herself, against all rules, to post the letter; she would not trust it in the nearest pillar, but walked to the district office and stretched her hand out a dozen times to the gaping mouth before she let the little envelope slip out of sight. And no sooner was it beyond her reach, than she snatched after it with a little moan of distress. For after all, it was a terrible thing for a girl to do; only when you had promised and when Hendrik was such a dear, stupid, awkward boy—here she began to laugh till she found some one was staring at her; and fled home in a fright, to wait and remember.

It was five long days before the answer came; and when it did arrive, she sat for a long while with it in her hand, dreaming. Then the doctor came in, and talked about her uncle; and she listened to him dutifully, with a sincere attempt to feel that it concerned her. But since there had never been any tie between them save the mere habit of a dependence that was always made galling, her thoughts wandered in spite of herself, and the doctor's benevolent face looked at her incongruously from that environment of rose-bushes, of white-tipped mountains and sun-filled sky, whither she had retreated. Presently, when she was alone again, she forgot everything but that sunny corner in the lap of the hills where the scent of flowers hung constantly in the sleepy air; and where it had been so easy to laugh, and be happy, and to be well and strong,—as

strong as Hendrik with his great shoulders. And how he had taken her by surprise, that last day in the garden! He had done it so,—so awkwardly; yes, it had been so like Hendrik, and with the scratches all down his face, too. Peggie laughed so happily that she cried a little also as she recalled it; what a little ignorant goose she had been; but it was all his fault,—why, she had not even thought he was in earnest! And it was only at the station that his eyes had made her understand—dear stupid Hendrik, *why* had he never looked at her like that before?

And then he had said it might be *better so*. Ah, if only she could forget that! But some day soon she would scold him for it; it was such a horrid thing to *think*, he who was so big and strong that certainly there could be nothing the matter with him. And of course a cold,—even if you called it a chill—was nothing. But she would scold him for it, and he would go South again this winter, and perhaps,—who knows?—she would be there to take care of him and to prevent him from going out in the sunset hour to say good-bye to foolish little girls.

But how funny it had been, that last sight of him! She remembered his long legs sprawling on the platform, and,—yes, she remembered the little yellow rosebud that had fallen by his side. But in spite of that, it had really been an unromantic farewell.

She opened the envelope at last, tenderly, smiling to think that she did not know his handwriting; and kissing it, with a little laugh at herself, where his hands must have touched it. Then,—her own letter dropped out, sealed, as she had sent it, wrapped in a half-sheet of paper, with a few blurred lines written across it. And besides there was a little withered rose.

Peggie stared at the paper for a while, and wondered vaguely why she could not understand. "It was better so," his mother wrote; "he could not have lived long." He had said that, too; he had meant that. And then he had tumbled on to the platform,—he al-

ways did tumble—and with the scratches all down his face!

She began to laugh, because there was something in her throat that choked her. She was sure that Hendrik could not have known how to die becomingly. "He must have been—so—ridiculously—awkward—about it!" she gasped.

When one laughs like this, it is difficult to stop. But then it would be a long time before Peggie would laugh again.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE TRUE NATURE OF "FALSETTO."

It is the object of the following pages to show that behind the familiar term "falsetto" a great truth lies concealed—a truth which is of much importance, not only to the musician and the scientist, but also to the general public. As commonly employed, the word may be said to denote that kind of voice with which a man can imitate the voice of a woman. The highest authorities on the subject of voice production hold two opinions concerning this voice. Some look upon it as an unnatural or artificial voice, and say that it ought not to be used under any circumstances whatever. Others maintain that it is one of two or more vocal registers, and is perfectly natural, but intended by nature to be employed only for a few notes at the top of the male voice. The latter of these opinions is undoubtedly the more reasonable and the more defensible, but neither of them is consistent with facts. The experiments which I have made with the so-called falsetto during the last five or six years render each of them untenable. It seems strange that in this pre-eminently scientific age no such experiments should ever have been made by others. Yet this would appear to be the case; or, at any rate, if similar experiments have been carried out before, they have, so far as I know, never been made public.

Many years before these experiments

commenced I had formed a very definite and decided opinion as to the character and capabilities of the so-called falsetto. This was owing to certain experiences with my own voice. The conclusions, however, which at that time forced themselves upon me were of so startling a nature, and so utterly at variance with all that I had ever read or heard on the subject, that I felt the impossibility of getting them accepted, and therefore the uselessness of making them known, until, by experiments with other voices, I had furnished myself with further evidence of their correctness. Opportunities of thus verifying my conclusions did not present themselves for a good many years, and it was not until the year 1890 that I was enabled to begin the series of experiments to which I now wish to direct attention. The result of these experiments was such as to fully confirm me in the views which I had long entertained, by the establishment of the remarkable fact that by bringing down the so-called falsetto to within a few notes of the bottom of the vocal compass, and by exercising it frequently and persistently, it is possible at this low pitch to gradually strengthen and develop it until it acquires all the robustness of the ordinary "chest voice." When this process of development is completed, the voice may be said to be entirely transformed. The old "chest voice" is discarded, and in place of the two registers of which the voice formerly consisted there is now only one register, which extends from one extremity of the voice to the other. This new voice, while as regards strength and volume of tone it bears a great resemblance to the discarded "chest voice," for which it may easily be mistaken, differs from it in three important particulars: firstly in the peculiar beauty and sweetness of its quality, secondly in its exceptionally extended compass, and thirdly in the perfect ease with which it can be carried to its upper limit.

One of the voices with which I was most successful was that of a young man of about six-and-twenty years of

age, who when he came to me had already had some little training. His voice, which was tenor, consisted of the two registers commonly known as "chest voice" and falsetto. The "break" between these two registers was quite conspicuous, and the difficulty in producing the upper notes of the "chest" register was unmistakable. He had been taught to exercise the "chest voice" and let the so-called falsetto alone. I advised him to do exactly the reverse. On getting him to bring the upper register down as far as G in the fourth space of the bass staff, nearly an octave lower than it is supposed to be of any practical use, I found it, as was to be expected, exceedingly weak and "breathy." Below that point it was little better than a whisper. On this weak and "breathy" voice he now began to work under my directions, by means principally of octave and arpeggio exercises. After about three months of regular and diligent practice, a very remarkable increase of strength was observable in all the notes as far down as the G just mentioned. These notes had lost their falsetto character, and had begun to sound like "chest" notes. In a few more months the improvement had extended itself to the lower notes as far as the low D. Thus the development process went on until, in less than a year, the transformation was complete. The old "chest voice" had been entirely discarded and superseded, and in its place was what may be described as a new kind of "chest voice," with an available compass of two octaves and a fourth, extending from the low A flat to the high D flat, every note strong and of good quality, *and every note produced in exactly the same way as the so-called falsetto.*

Another case was that of a young man who came to me from Scotland. His also was a tenor voice. When I first saw him he had come to London only on a visit. He had been exercising his voice on the method of the late Emil Behnke. In this method, as many of my readers are probably aware, the terms "thick" and "thin"

register are used instead of the terms "chest voice" and falsetto. Following out the principles there laid down, he had been employing the thick register for the lower three-fourths of his voice and the thin register for the upper fourth. I told him that, in my opinion, every time he exercised the thick register he undid the good that was done by the exercise of the thin register, and that the only way to develop his voice fully was to take the thin register all the way down. He could not bring himself to believe this all at once; consequently, when he got back to Scotland, while he so far followed my advice as to use the thin register much lower down than formerly, he still continued to employ the thick register for the middle and lower portion of his voice. The result of this was that, although the thin register was considerably strengthened, a complete development of the voice was prevented. Subsequently he returned to London and put himself regularly under my instruction. He then gave up the exercise of the thick register altogether, and in course of time succeeded in making another thick register out of the thin one, thus proving not only the impropriety of these terms themselves, but also the unsoundness of the pseudo-scientific theory which brought them into vogue.

These two cases may be taken as specimens of others which have been treated in a similar way with a similar result. In each case the mode of production which I have caused to be employed throughout the whole compass of the voice has been that of the so-called falsetto. In one or two cases this kind of voice was called, by the pupil's former teacher, either "head voice" or "thin register," and the pupil had been allowed to use it for a few notes at the top of his compass. But in the majority of cases former teachers had called it falsetto, and had absolutely forbidden its use.

Interspersed with the successful cases, there have, of course, been many failures. There has also been a considerable number of what may be

called partial successes. Some of the failures were cases in which pupils were prevented by their business pursuits from getting regular and sufficient practice, but most of them were those of young men who lacked the necessary patience and perseverance. Several of the partial successes were men over forty years of age. In these and some other cases complete success seemed to be unattainable. Nevertheless, they proved of great value, for they served to make plain another remarkable and apparently unknown fact—viz., that the so-called falsetto not only strengthens that voice itself, but is beneficial to the "chest voice" also. It is generally supposed that its exercise to any great extent is productive of serious injury to the "chest voice," and the assertion has been made, and is endorsed by high authority, that, if it be exercised exclusively, the "chest voice" will be entirely destroyed. There is not a vestige of truth in this assertion. The many careful and prolonged experiments which I have made disprove it completely; and not only do they do this, but they also show that, while the so-called falsetto is improved by being exercised, the "chest voice" is improved by being let alone.

There is another point to which reference must now be made. It is commonly taught and believed that every adult male voice possesses by nature at least two registers. In the course of my investigations, however, I have met with untrained voices, both tenors and basses, which possess only one register—voices which nature has taken the liberty of making in her own way, in defiance of all the great authorities, and in utter disregard of all their pet theories. Of course it may be asserted that these voices do possess separate registers, but they are so well blended that no "break" is perceptible, and therefore they *appear* to have one register only. But if we wish to discover the truth, we must take facts as we find them, not imagine or invent them to suit our own theories. Now it is certainly a fact that there are adult

male voices in which, even when examined with the aid of the laryngoscope, no "break" can be detected at any point throughout their entire compass. We have this fact recorded by Sir Morell Mackenzie in his work, "*The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*," although it in no way supports the theory which he himself favors. If, then, there are voices in which no "break" or change of production can be found, even when the laryngoscope is brought into operation and the ear is assisted by the eye, there is surely some reason for assuming that, in these cases, no "break" or change exists. Perhaps it may be said that physiology teaches us that there are, and must be, separate registers. This is a common supposition, but it is a mistake. Physiology teaches us nothing of the kind. Physiologists have to deal with the fact that most voices possess separate registers, and they try to account for it; but, so far as I have been able to discover, there is nothing in the mechanism of the larynx to show the necessity for more than one mode of production, and no physiologist has ever yet succeeded in satisfactorily explaining how it is that these separate registers exist.

The voices which nature has made with only one register, by a secret process of her own, are exceptionally fine voices, and in adult males they have the peculiarity that they seem to be all "chest-voice." But there is one striking difference between this and the ordinary "chest voice"—it can be carried with perfect ease to the highest limit of the voice. Now the question arises, how is this kind of voice produced? In answer to this question I point to the fact that I have succeeded in producing similar voices by employing throughout the whole compass of the voice that mode of production which is used for the so-called falsetto. Here then, it seems to me, we have the clue to Nature's secret process. The untrained voices which by nature seem to possess—and, as I believe, do possess—only one register, owe their exceptionally fine condition to the manner in which the speaking voice is and al-

ways has been produced; and the result of my own experiments and investigations is to force me irresistibly to the conclusion that the mechanism by which this speaking voice is produced is simply and solely that which is employed in the production of the so-called falsetto.

If this conclusion be true, and I fail to see how it can be successfully disputed, then the question, What is falsetto? which has always been a puzzle to the physiologist, may be satisfactorily answered. Falsetto is the remains of a voice a portion of which has been wrongly produced, and the wrongly produced portion is not the falsetto itself, as is commonly supposed, but that portion which is known by the name of "chest voice." Signor Garcia, in his "Hints on Singing," says that falsetto is a remnant of the boy's voice. This is perfectly true, although the majority of professional singers and many teachers of singing are quite unaware of it. But it is not the whole truth. Falsetto is not only a remnant of the boy's voice, but it is a remnant of the rightly produced voice. Moreover, in every case where it exists as a separate register it is the only rightly produced voice.

That the theory of voice production which this view involves is a strange and startling theory to propound is not to be denied. But I have brought forward some strange and startling facts, and these facts cannot, I believe, be accounted for by any other theory. Nor is this all. Strong and conclusive as these facts appear to me, they are not the only facts by which the theory may be supported. Others may be noted which point plainly in the same direction. There are many musical men who had good voices when they were boys, but have anything but good voices now. These men have a distinct recollection of the kind of voice which they formerly used when they sang soprano as children, and are well aware that, whatever were the mechanical means by which it was produced, the mode of production was exactly the same as that which they

would now employ if they wished to produce the voice which is called falsetto. In other words, they are fully conscious of the fact, already referred to, that the falsetto of their present voice is the remains of their former soprano voice, while the voice which they now use both in speaking and in singing is obtained by a mode of production which was not natural to them as children, but was acquired at or about the period of change from boyhood to manhood. Some boys undoubtedly acquire the power of producing the so-called "chest voice" at an earlier period than this, but they are not usually the boys who have good soprano voices. I think I may safely say, with regard to really good boy sopranos, that while a few of them may use this "chest voice" for their lowest notes, most of the best among them do not use it at all. It is a mode of production about which they know nothing and of which they feel no need. This being the case, I would ask the anatomist and physiologist what is there about the mechanism of the larynx to show that when the boy singer becomes a man he should change his mode of production for the whole, or nearly the whole, of his voice? Is there any difference, so far as the mechanism or muscular action is concerned, between the larynx of a boy and the larynx of a man? If so, all the books that I have studied on the subject have failed to mention it. That it increases greatly and rapidly in size at the age of puberty is, of course, well known. But if the mechanism continues the same, why should the mode of production be changed? If a boy, by employing certain muscles of his larynx in a certain way, develops a good voice, it is surely in accordance with true physiological principles that he should continue, as he grows into manhood, to use these same muscles in the same way with the same satisfactory result!

Now my contention is that the men singers who possess the best voices did develop them in this way. They may not use them so at the present time.

Many of them certainly do not; but that is the consequence of the training they have received, training which did not commence until long after Nature had completed her process of development. It is a curious confirmation of this view that if you ask these men about their voices, if you inquire what is the difference as regards production between the voice which they possess now and that which they possessed when they were boys, they will tell you that they are not conscious of any radical change. Most of them will not have any clear recollection of their former voice, or of the kind of feeling they had in producing it; but if you happen to meet with one who has, he will declare to you that his voice merely got gradually lower in pitch and heavier in quality, and that he is using the same mode of production now as he used then.

It must not be assumed that, if this theory be true, every adult male singer who is being taught on any of the recognized systems of the present day is of necessity trained wrongly. That very large numbers of singers are being trained wrongly there can, I think, be little doubt. Indeed it is matter of common observation. But some teachers, like some preachers, are better than their creed, and, while they are wrong in theory, they are sometimes right in practice. Among the most successful of such teachers are those who make great use of what they call "head voice." Under this name they sometimes, though not always, cause to be trained downwards to a very considerable extent that part of the voice which, so far as its mode of production is concerned, is identical with the so-called falsetto. That is to say, when this kind of voice is fairly strong and good they call it "head voice," and tell their pupils to use it; but when it is weak and effeminate they call it falsetto, maintain that it is a different kind of voice altogether, look upon it as something unnatural, and tell their pupils *not* to use it. In these cases another kind of "head voice" is used—viz., a sort of modified and restrained "chest

voice," obtained by extreme elevation of the soft palate. But even when they employ the right kind of "head voice," which is really identical with the so-called falsetto, they fail to perceive its true character. They treat it simply as one of two registers, both of which are to be exercised, and when they have carried it down to a certain point they endeavor to unite it as nearly as possible with the so-called "chest" register. Sometimes, however, they carry it right down to the bottom of the voice without knowing it, and thus succeed in making a perfect voice by an imperfect method.

There are also other cases in which the adult male voice may be properly trained upon a wrong method. These are the cases already referred to, in which the voice has been fully developed by Nature. Such a voice will have, as I have pointed out, all the robustness of the ordinary "chest voice," although it is produced in a different manner. It is true that, even in this splendid condition, it may be seriously injured by a false method of training, although it cannot be destroyed. But a wise and cautious teacher may be content to let it remain as it is. He will perceive at once that it is not produced in the ordinary way, and will see no reason for altering the mode of production.

Of course it is obvious that, if the theory here put forward were accepted, it would necessitate a revolution in the art of voice training. For this reason, however true it may be, and however cogent and convincing are the arguments in its favor, it is sure to meet with strenuous opposition. It will probably be turned into ridicule. A newly discovered truth often appears ridiculous to minds unprepared to receive it. It will also, no doubt, be decried and denounced as involving most dangerous and pernicious doctrine, which ought at once to be put down and stamped out. There are always some persons of a choleric disposition and with minds impervious to reason who, confidently believing themselves to be the sole depositaries of the truth

as well as its divinely appointed guardians, are ready to burn the heretic who ventures to call any article of their creed in question. Such persons, however, have little power or influence in the present age of scientific enlightenment, and hardly need to be taken into consideration. I turn from them to persons of a different stamp, to the leaders of thought and progress, to men of open mind and dispassionate judgment. These I invite to examine and weigh the evidence which is here placed before them. I do not ask them to accept the theory for which I am contending. I merely ask them to inquire into it. If they will do this, the opposition which is sure to be raised by ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest may prevail for a time, but I shall have no fear of the ultimate result.

E. DAVIDSON PALMER.

From Longman's Magazine.
ANNE MURRAY.

A ROYALIST LADY. 1622-1690.

In one of the modest brown volumes of the Camden Society, which contain so much of the raw material of history, a fragment of autobiography has been preserved, written by Anne Murray, when in her calm and devout old age she looked back upon the stormy scenes of her girlhood. Mr. Nichols, the editor of her papers, calls her "the Miss Nightingale of her time," and although this seems a wholly exaggerated estimate, they had kindred tastes, and, in nursing the wounded after the battle of Dunbar, Anne Murray displayed on a small scale some of the qualities of head and heart which have made Florence Nightingale illustrious.

In happy days Anne Murray was the liveliest and most charming of companions, and there was a reserve of strength about her which inspired even strangers with an instinctive reliance upon her courage and self-control in times of distress and danger. Attached by the closest ties to the court of

Henrietta Maria, and worshipping the royal family with a devotion which a colder age would deem rank idolatry, she was brought up as strictly as any Puritan maiden. She was too earnest and simple for the elaborate flirtations and fantastic exchange of compliments in which many of her companions delighted; it was to her a matter of regret that the frank sisterly friendship she was ready to extend to men often called forth declarations of love to which she was unable to respond. By her own account she had not the smallest pretension to beauty, but her personal charm must have been great, for all men and most women who had to do with her became her devoted humble servants.

There was no hint of coming trouble when Anne Murray was born on January 4, 1622, into a family as happy and prosperous as any in England. Her father, Thomas Murray, was high in the favor of King James, who had appointed him tutor to the little Prince Charles, aged five, while his friend Sir Adam Newton filled the same position in the household of Prince Henry. When the elder brother died, Mr. Murray's office became a more important one, and as the young prince grew up he merged his duties as tutor in those of a trusted secretary. Strongly Protestant in his sympathies, he incurred the king's displeasure for his supposed hostility to the Spanish match, and was actually sent to the Tower; but his master, anxious to compensate him for a moment's fretfulness, gave him some months later the coveted post of provost of Eton College. There he entertained the magnificent Buckingham and enjoyed the friendship of the foremost men of the time—scholars, poets, and divines; in the midst of his busy and useful life he died from the effects of a surgical operation, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His widow removed to a house in St. Martin's Lane, her youngest child, Anne, being still an infant. Mistress Jane Murray, a Drummond by birth, claiming kinship with the Earls of Perth, had inherited from her fighting ancestors a masterful spirit, and so tough a Scotch will that she must have been landed in

hopeless obstinacy but for a clearness of intellect which left her open to argument. She had a fortune of her own, and, as Anne gratefully records, she spared no expense in her children's education: "My mother paid masters for teaching my sister and mee to write, speake French, play on the lute and virginalls and dance, and kept a gentlewoman to teach us all kinds of needlework, which shews I was not brought up in an idle life, . . . but my mother's greatest care was to instruct us from our infancy to begin and end the day with prayer, and orderly every morning to read the Bible and ever to keepe the church as often as there was occasion to meet there, either for prayers or preaching. So that for many years together, I was seldom or never absent from divine service at 5 a'clocke in the morning in summer, and 6 a'clocke in the winter till the usurped power putt a restraint to that publicke worship so long owned and continued in the Church of England; where I bless God, I had my education and the example of a good Mother, who kept constant to her owne parish church, and had always a great respect for the ministers under whose charge shee was . . . to whom I was so observant that as long as shee lived I doe nott remember that I made a visit to the nearest neighbour or went anywhere withoutt her liberty." Anne's brothers, Charles and William, were taken into King Charles's service; her eldest sister married Sir Henry Newton, son of old Sir Adam; and her mother was twice entrusted with the charge of the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth "by the Queenes' Majestie," first when Henrietta Maria took the young princess royal to Holland, and later when their governess died, "the Countess of Roxbury (who owned my mother for cousin)." The Murray girls naturally mixed in the best society of the day; when any of their Scottish friends or kinsmen had a suit to urge, or a service to render at court, they were made cordially welcome under Mrs. Murray's roof, and Anne thus formed friendships which proved invaluable to her in later times. Her

sister Lady Newton's beautiful home at Charlton, near Woolwich, was always open to her, and when there her constant "friend and bedfellow" was a namesake, the daughter of Lord Howard; indeed the girls were "seldome asunder att London." Anne, as already mentioned, was singularly discreet and grave in manner. She says of herself, "though I loved entertainments and to walk in the Spring Gardens (before it grew something scandalous by the abuse of some) yett I cannot remember three times that ever I wentt with any man besides my brothers; and if I did my sisters or others better than myselfe was with me." Having heard some fine gentlemen "telling what ladys they had waited on to plays, and how much it had cost them, I resolved none should say the same of me; and I was the first that proposed and practised itt, for three or four of us going together without any man, and each one paying for herself by giving the money to the footman who waited on us, and he gave itt in the playhouse."

This reserve was naturally relaxed in favor of her friend's brother, Thomas Howard, "lately come out of France," with whom she enjoyed six months of pleasant and intimate companionship. The Civil War had broken out by this time; her brother-in-law, Sir Henry Newton, "had been long from home in attendance on the king for whose service hee had raised a troope of horse upon his own expense, for which his estate was sequestered," and with difficulty Lady Newton had got liberty to live in her own house on a fifth part of their income. My Lord Howard had been so obliging to Mrs. Murray, as to use his interest with the Parliament to prevent the ruin of her son's house and kin, and she knew that he had set his heart on a marriage for his son and heir, "with a rich citizen's daughter, not being able to provide him with an adequate fortune unless he should ruin his younger children."

Anne's friends already guessed that "there would be something more than ordinary betwixt her and Mr. Howard, which they judged from her great

friendship with his sister," but to herself it was a painful surprise when Mr. Howard, failing in his attempts to see her alone, sent "a young gentleman to tell her how much hee had endeavored to smother his passion which began the first time that ever hee saw her, and now was come to that height that if she did not give him some hopes of favor, he was resolved to goe again into France and turn Capucin." Anne received the envoy coldly, conjured him to remind Mr. Howard of his duty to his father, and to represent to him "the severall disadvantages of such a design;" but her good counsel prevailed not. He grew so ill and discontented that all the house took notice of it, and at last she was persuaded so far as to give him liberty one day when she was walking in the gallery, to come there and speak to her. To the end of her life every detail of that meeting was impressed upon her memory. "What he said was handsome and shortt, butt much disordered, for hee looked pale as death, and his hand trembled when he took mine to lead mee, and with a great sigh said, 'If I loved you less I could say more.'" Anne repeated her former arguments, and "after that," she writes, "hee sought and I shunned all opertunittys of private discourse with him." But they constantly met, in that sweet old-fashioned garden at Charlton, with its "prospect of city, river, ships, meadows, hill, woods, and all other amenities," which Evelyn held to be "one of the most noble in the world." And on a sunny afternoon Tom Howard and his friend, meeting the two Annes in one of its pleached alleys, the friend took Anne Howard "by the hand, and led her into another walk, and left him and I together."

This was the first of many passionate interviews her lover forced upon her, alarming her conscience with the renewed threat, that if she persisted in her refusal he would turn monk, "to put himselfe outt of a capacity to marry any other." Perhaps duty rather than inclination forbade her to yield, and she felt "religion a tye upon her to endeavor the prevention of the hazard of his

soul." Howard was so confident of winning her consent to a private wedding, that at last he "provided a ring and a minister to marry them." Anne could not fail to be touched with his devotion, but she was not to be hurried into any step her conscience disapproved. She could never, she said, expect God's blessing upon a marriage undertaken without his father's and her mother's consent, but he extorted from her the confession that such consent obtained, she might be not unwilling to give him the satisfaction he desired. So there was nothing left but to acquaint my Lord Howard and Madam Murray with his passionate desires. A storm burst in both households, but Lord Howard was the first to be pacified, and so much did Anne's character win his respect, that he himself interceded for Tom, for whom "he did offer to doe the utmost his condition would allow of him if Anne's mother would let her take her hazard with his son." But the old lady was inflexible. With a ruthless impartiality she pronounced the match unworthy a family she so much honored, she would rather see her daughter buried. It should never be said "that it was begun with her allowance," and so she brought my lord round to agree with her in opposing the marriage with all possible severity. Howard sent Anne a humble petition that she would grant him a last interview, and taking her sister with her, she went down into the room where he awaited her.

Anne was evidently affected to see him "so overcome with grief," and the sister who had come to admire her firm and final dismissal of her lover, heard to her alarm what sounded more like vows of undying constancy. "Though duty oblige mee *not* to marry without my mother's consent," Anne was saying, "it would not tye me to marry without my own and as long as you are constant you will never find a change in me." The sister rose in displeasure, saying she was made a witness of resolutions to continue what she had expected them both to lay aside. "O madam," said he like any proper

tragedy hero, "can you imagine I love all that rate, as to have it shaken with any storm? Noe, were I secure your sister would not suffer in my absence by her mother's severity, I would not care what misery I were exposed to, butt to think I should be the occasion of trouble to the person in the earth that I love most is insupportable, and with that he fell down in a chair that was behind him, but as one without all sense." After some last words, "which never were the last," the sisters retired together, not daring to let their mother know what had passed; a few days later my Lord Howard wrote to Madam Murray informing her that his son was going to France, but that before he sailed he made it his humble request, that she would allow him to take leave of her daughter, a request which my lord, being a man, deemed "a satisfaction which could not be denied him." The mother consented on condition that she should be a witness of all their converse, which so alarmed Tom Howard that he hastily "seemed to lay all desire of it aside."

Among the household in St. Martin's Lane were three trusted servants named Moses, Aaron, and Miriam, "none of whom were either related or acquainted together till they met there;" these Madam Murray employed to watch every entrance to the house and to guard her daughter. Anne, whose conduct had been so honorable and straightforward, felt her mother's want of confidence acutely; she was aware that she was being watched, and that even her little nephew, who trotted after her so persistently, was acting under orders not to lose sight of her. Miriam slept in her bed-chamber, and Moses was sent to my lord's house in the evening, to find out whether his son had actually left town. He returned with a letter from Lord Howard stating "Mr. Thomas started with his governor by early post to Deepe and thence to France."

Madam Murray felt much relieved, but alas! all these Biblical personages were on Anne's side, and her mother's back was hardly turned when Miriam

said breathlessly in her ear, that Mr. Howard was walking up and down before the gate, having ridden all day about the country waiting for the gloaming, that he might have one word; in agitated whispers the maid described his haste and the risks he ran, and urged her to slip out for one moment to the gate; Anne took a step forward when a shrill child's voice cried out, "Oh, my aunt is going," and suddenly recollecting herself she sent Miriam with a message, and paced the hall till she should return. Miriam was long delayed and returned in "great disorder," crying out, "I believe you are the most unfortunate person living, for I think Mr. Howard is killed."

Then she told how as she was speaking with him at the gate, there came a fellow with a great club behind him and struck him down dead, while others seized upon his governor and his manservant.

The next news was that Moses had arrived upon the scene, had recognized the assailant as a tenant of Sir Henry Newton's, who farmed his land for the Parliament, acted the spy on his own account, and thought he had happened upon a cavalier plot, as he watched the furtive movements of the young gallant. Being soundly rated by Moses, he was glad to escape, while Moses and his man carried Howard into an alehouse hard by and laid him upon a bed. Here he revived and found himself not hurt, "only stonished with the blow." Madam Murray, all unconscious of the bustle outside her gate, retired to bed with her elder daughter on the other side of the house; and then at last Anne consented to meet her lover, tying a bandage over her eyes that she might not see him, according to her promise; and by her desire his governor, Moses, and Miriam were present, who were, however, so civil, as to retire to such a distance that they could hear nothing.

Her previous resolution was unshaken, but she felt convinced that if they remained constant to each other nothing could prevent their ultimate reunion; and then at last Mr. Thomas

and his long-suffering governor took their departure.

A sad time followed for Anne Murray. She had dismissed her suitor rather than disobey her mother, she had "noe unhandsome action to be ashamed of," and yet her mother was so bitterly offended that she seemed to hate the very sight of her. Public misfortunes came to embitter private sorrows; their friends were ruined or driven into exile, the king's cause was becoming more and more desperate, and Anne in her depression debating in her own mind "what life she could take to that was most innocent, wrote to a kinsman, Sir Patrick Drummond," who was "Conservator in Holland," to inquire upon what conditions she could enter into a nunnery, she had heard of in Holland, for those of the Protestant religion. She was happily saved from a life so little suited to her. Sir Patrick, a wise and honest gentleman, wrote to his cousin, Mrs. Murray, so earnest and reasonable a letter, that she was convinced of her injustice, and after fourteen months of estrangement she received Anne into favor, and from that time "used her more like a friend than a child." Peace being restored at home, Anne resumed the study "of physick and surgery," which had always had a great attraction for her; she perfected herself in the art of nursing as then understood, and her devoted care of the sick and the efficacy of her domestic remedies became known beyond the circle of her private friends.

She worked under the best physicians, and cultivated their personal friendship so successfully, that "they did not think themselves slighted" when their patients, "even persons of the greatest quality," were wont to seek Anne Murray's aid in their distempers.

Some two years later Tom Howard returned to England under the influence of that masterful woman the Countess of Banbury, who, as Lord Howard's sister, felt herself responsible for the interests of the family. He sent some deprecatory messages to Anne of his unalterable affection, and begged her to trust him whatever rumors she

might hear to the contrary, but he made no serious attempts to see her. At the end of July, 1646, Anne heard from a friend of her own that he had been privately married a week before to Lady Elizabeth Mordaunt, daughter of the Earl of Peterborough, and that my Lord Howard was much discontented with the match. Anne was overcome for the moment; she had opened the letter in her sister's room, and flinging herself down on the bed she exclaimed: "Is this the man for whom I have suffered so much?" but feeling that he was unworthy of her love, she held him unworthy of "her anger or concerne" and gathering herself together she went down to supper with her usual dignified composure. But the household was not to be thus appeased. Miriam relieved herself by pouring out Old Testament curses on the head of the bride who, after all, was the least to blame. Anne derived a little feminine satisfaction from the fact that Lady Elizabeth was admittedly very plain, but she was magnanimous enough to be sincerely grieved when the marriage turned out an unhappy one, and it became "too well known, how soon they lost the satisfaction they had in one another."

This event deepened Anne's natural seriousness; she spent much time in devotion, and "searched for knowledge as for hidden treasure," but it was said of her that "her piety had nothing of moroseness or affectation, but was free and ingenuous, full of sweetness and gentleness; her gravity had a grace and air so taking and agreeable as begot both reverence and love."

As Mrs. Murray's health declined, Anne made it the first object of her life to give her "all the spiritual and bodily help she was capable to afford. This made a very comfortable and indearing impression upon her dying mother, and filled her heart with joy, not only with her daughter's tender affection but with the refreshing fruits of her piety and devotion. She died the 28th August, 1647, and was buried near her husband in the Savoy Church." Charles Murray and his wife offered Anne a home and she and her maid lived with them for about

a year. Sir Henry Newton and her sister spent their time chiefly in France with Sir Ralph Verney and other English exiles, and many of his brightly written letters are amongst the manuscripts at Claydon House. Anne devoted herself to the service of the distressed Royalists, and was passionately desirous of assisting his Sacred Majesty, for whom her sympathy knew no bounds. In this connection she often met with Colonel Bampffield, a rough soldier, who was employed in London on the secret service of the king. Anne's discretion and readiness of resource were well known, and when the king was anxious that his second son should be stolen away out of the custody of the Earl of Northumberland, he expressly approved of Colonel Bampffield's desire to entrust Anne Murray with a part of the scheme. The difficulties were considerable, but the king constantly urged that an attempt should be made. "I looke upon James' escape," he wrote, "as Charles' preservation, and nothing can content me more."

Anne managed to get from the boy's attendants, "his length and the bigness of his waist," which she took to a tailor, ordering a dress for a young gentlewoman of "mixed mohaire of a light haire colour and black, and the under petticoate of scarlett." The tailor considered the measures a long time, and said "he had made many gownes and suites in his life, but had never seene a woman of so low a stature have so big a waist." Princess Elizabeth and her two little brothers were accustomed to play hide and seek in the Earl of Northumberland's garden after supper, and the Duke of York would hide himself so well they were often half an hour in finding him. One evening in April, 1648, a message had been sent to him to run off and hide at the garden gate. Colonel Bampffield was waiting for him with a coach; he was hurriedly driven down to the river, and rowed to a private house, where Anne Murray waited with the faithful Miriam in an agony of anxiety, for the hour appointed was already past. At last she heard

steps on the stairs; the excited boy rushed in and threw himself into her arms, crying out, "Quickly, quickly dress me." There was a great bustle while Anne changed his clothes, stuffing him with dainties all the while, and delighted to see how well his gown fitted, and what a pretty little girl he made. She thrust "a Wood Street cake," which she knew he loved, into his hand to eat in the barge, and saw them vanish into the darkness with a beating heart. This enterprise having proved successful, she had many more interviews with Colonel Bampffield "as long as there was any possibility of conveying letters secretly to the king," and their common loyalty laid the foundation of an intimate friendship. Colonel Bampffield's wife had violently espoused the side of the Parliament; she was therefore necessarily left in ignorance of his present employment, and went to live with her own family. One day, when they had met as usual on the king's business, he told her that a solicitor of repute, who lived "hard by where his wife dwelt, had brought him word shee was dead, and named the day and place where she was buried; Anne thought that his grief at the news was not excessive.

After a decent interval, during which they had continued to meet frequently, he ventured to speak to her of his deep attachment, and asked her in marriage. Anne believing him to be "of devout life and conversation as he was unquestionably loyal, handsome, and a good skolar, thought herself as secure from ill in his company as in a sanctuary." She consented to an engagement, refusing, however, to think of marriage till the king's fate should be determined. She looked back to the weeks that followed as to some horrible dream; she loved to connect the king's piety, patience, and constancy in suffering with the early religious training he had received from her father, and to her his execution was "the greatest murder committed that ever story mentioned, except the Crucifying of our Saviour."

That none should have "made resistance but with sighs and tears," when

the deed was done publicly, "before his own gates, by a handful of people," filled her with shame and indignation; the Royalists were scattered and Colonel Bampfied was in hiding. A few months later her brother William, who was in attendance on the exiled royal family in France, was the victim of a wretched little political intrigue, and Charles II., while acknowledging his innocence, banished him from his court with the shabby excuse that he feared to "disoblige those persons whose service was most useful to him." William Murray in disgust and wrath returned to England, and was kindly received at Cobham by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, "but nothing could free him of the great melancholy he took, he would steal from the company and going into the wood, lye many hours together upon the ground, where catching cold and that mixing with discontented humours, it turned to a fever." Anne nursed him devotedly but could not save his life; he died as a Christian and without a complaint, "but once he said: Were I to live a thousand years I would never set my foot within a court again, for there is nothing in it but flattery and falsehood."

Their old friend, Anne Howard, had married her cousin, Sir Charles Howard, afterwards the first Earl of Carlisle, and she now pressed Anne Murray to accompany them to Naworth Castle, where she was "most obligeingly entertained." As her spirits were beginning to revive, the weekly post brought her terrible news; one letter was from Colonel Bampfied, who was on the point of claiming her plighted word, announcing that he had been imprisoned in the Gatehouse at Westminster, and could expect nothing but death; two others from her brother Charles and her sister, Lady Newton, "his very severe, hers more compassionate," told her she had been wickedly deceived by Colonel Bampfied, for that his wife was undoubtedly alive. Anne refused to believe them, but the double blow was so crushing that she lay senseless for many hours, and seemed likely to die; she recovered at length by the use of

one of her own cordials, and Colonel Bampfied effected his escape. He again positively asserted the fact of his wife's death, but the mystery was not cleared up.

Anne had suffered much under the religious régime of the Commonwealth. "In fundamentals both agree, Episcopall and Presbiterian," she writes, with a tolerance unusual amongst Royalists, "and yett none more violent than they one against another for the shadow, for such is the name of Bishop of Ceremonys in comparison of that truth which is the substance." She deplores that even amongst members of the Church of England "that cousttem is outt of use, of kneeling in the time of prayer, and that for the most part all the congregation sitts rather like judges or auditors than suppliants." She herself kept up the pious traditions of her childhood, and it added much to her satisfaction at Naworth to find a chaplain in the house, an excellent preacher, who had service twice every Sunday in the chapel, and daily prayers morning and evening, "and was had in such veneration by all as if hee had been their tutelar angel."

To him she naturally turned for sympathy and counsel in her perplexities, "imagining hee was a person fit to entrust with any disorder of the soul." As time went on, however, the chaplain, seeing that Anne was encroaching upon his own peculiar as tutelary angel to the Carlisle family, determined to get rid of her. He began to make malicious suggestions to Lady Howard about her guest, and he insinuated to Anne that Sir Charles would have been the happiest man alive could he but have had the good fortune of securing her as his wife. The chaplain having no scope outside the household for the exercise of his energies, and being unfairly weighted by his own reputation for learning and sanctity, soon had another cause of complaint against Anne. There were two gentlewomen in the house, "very young, hugely virtuous and innocent, bred up as Baptists," whom Sir Charles put under the chaplain's care to instruct them in Protestant principles. The

"discreet woman" who attended upon them was in great perplexity. She could not fail to know that this discourse with the elder maiden was not confined to theology, and she sought Anne's counsel as to her own duty in the matter. While Anne was pondering how best to put Lady Howard on her guard without injuring the chaplain, Lady Howard came to her room to consult her on the same subject. "Last night," Lady Howard said, "as she went out of the dining-room after dinner, she turned back, remembering that the girl had stayed behind, and looking thro' the cranny of the door, she saw the chaplain pull her to him, and with much kindness lay her head on his bosom." Anne replied guardedly that this might be innocently done, but confessed it "had been better undone;" and after much consultation, Anne, whose friends always expected her to draw the chestnuts out of the fire, agreed to speak to the chaplain, which she did with an honesty and discretion that admitted of no reply. After this there was no peace for Anne. Sir Charles, for whom she had the greatest regard, became "more free in his converse," as a protest against his wife's foolish jealousy, though Anne begged him "to retrench his civility into more narrow bounds;" and Lady Howard "grew to that height of strangeness" that Anne could not but be very sensible of it; and the chaplain nearly accomplished the triumph of the talebearer in separating chief friends. But Anne's good sense and frankness broke through the web of falsehood that had been woven round her. After months of silence her loyal appeal to her old friend met with a warm response, and the two women opened all their hearts to each other as they had done in girlish days. At the end of their long discourse, Sir Charles knocked at the door, and seeing their faces, he smiled and said, "I hope you understand one another." He then told his wife that he had heard of some moss-troopers plundering the country, that he was off at the head of his men to take them, therefore they must pray for him. And the women went hand in hand into the chapel, their faces

radiant with the joy of their reconciliation.

Their changed manner and some plain words from Sir Charles, when he had disposed of his moss-troopers, threw the chaplain into "such disorder that it was visible to the meanest in the house, tho' they knew not the reason of it."

Anne long debated with herself whether she could receive the Sacrament at his hands, "who had injured her beyond a possibility of being forgiven by any as a woman, yet as a Christian she forgave him, and would not wrong herself by wanting that benefit."

"The solemn time of their devotion over," her friends redoubled their affection to her, but wishing to leave the husband and wife alone together, she craved their leave to depart. They tried to shake her resolution, but finding it fixed, they provided her generously with money, horses, and men, and Sir Charles appointed an old gentleman, a kinsman of his own, to escort her to Scotland.

At Edinburgh she was welcomed by the most influential Royalists and by many of her mother's old friends, not unmindful of hospitality received in St. Martin's Lane. When Charles II. landed in Scotland, and was royally entertained at Dumfermline, the earl invited Anne Murray to meet him, saying none was fitter to entertain the king. He received her graciously, acknowledging the great services she had rendered to his brother and other members of his family, after which the young gentlemen of his train who had ignored tals grave, gentle, and rather shabbily dressed lady, troubled her so much with their civility, that she dismissed them with some very caustic remarks. The whole party was full of joy and security, when the battle of Dunbar again crushed all their hopes. Lady Dumfermline was in delicate health, and Anne readily acceded to her request to accompany her in their hasty retreat to the north. The roads were encumbered with soldiers—some wounded, others so desperately faint and ill that they could hardly crawl. Anne, who

had provided herself with plaisters, balsams, and dressings, was surrounded by them on reaching Kinross, and having relieved twenty sufferers, she soon had threescore. The noisome state of the wounds and the filth of their clothes was such that, as Anne tells us very simply, "none was able to stay in the room, butt all left me." While she was struggling to cut off the sleeve of a wounded man's doublet, "scarce fit to be touched," a gentleman came in accidentally, and seeing with astonishment the task she had undertaken, took the knife from her, cut off the sleeve, and flung it into the fire. When the ladies rejoined the court again at St. Johnston, to Anne's surprise Lord Lorne came up to her and told her that her name had been often before the Council. The gentleman who had helped her with the dressing had given the king a graphic account of her devotion and of the soldiers' suffering, and Anne received the only reward she coveted when the Council ordered a place to be prepared in every town to receive the wounded, and "appointed chirurgeons to have allowances for attending upon them." Anne was able to render to her hostess in her husband's absence the most valuable services. Lord Dumfermline's house at Fyvie was filled with hostile English soldiers, and his lady "was so disordered with fear of their insolence," that with tears in her eyes she besought Anne to go down to them.

Anne (who was by her own account "the greatest coward living") spent a moment in silent prayer and went boldly into the midst of the uproar. She was received in an outrageous fashion, with the coarsest abuse and "with pistolls sett against her." There was no gentleman amongst them to whom she could appeal, but her quick eye singled out a rough man who seemed the leader, and she told him that she knew perfectly they had no warrant from their officers to be uncivil, and standing there alone she told the soldiers that she was an Englishwoman, that she abhorred the name they gave her, that she was ashamed that any of the English nation, esteemed the most civil people in the

world, should be so barbarously rude where they had been hospitably received; and with infinite scorn she asked them what they sought to gain "by frightening a person of honor, with few but women and children in the house?"

There was perfect silence while Anne spoke, and then a clatter of pistols flung down on the table, and rough voices humbly promised her "not to give the least disturbance to the meanest of the family," and they kept their word. For two years Anne remained at Fyvie, warmly cherished by the whole household, and much resorted to by sick and disabled soldiers from both armies. She refused none, but she tempered her ministrations to Cromwell's troopers with reflections on the sin of rebellion while she bound up their wounds.

Colonel Bampffield meanwhile had gone through many hair-breadth escapes. On one occasion crossing over to Holland with Sir Henry Newton, the latter was so incensed at the sight of him that he challenged him to fight as soon as they landed. Colonel Bampffield protested against a duel with the brother of "the person he loved best in the world;" but on being forced to fight, he wounded Sir Henry, and sent his second to Anne to justify himself. After the battle of Worcester he was in Scotland busy in secret plans for Charles's return, and in correspondence with Anne's powerful friends.

Her own position was much changed when they met again. By her thirtieth year she had become famous in spite of herself, a woman beloved and trusted throughout Scotland, on intimate terms with the Duke of Argyle, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Earl of Roxborough, Sir Robert Murray, and many others, while the Earl and Countess of Dumfermline were bound to her by ties of the most grateful affection.

Amongst her constant visitors in her rooms at Edinburgh was Sir James Halkett, a widower with two sons and two daughters, on whose cnivalous friendship she had learnt to rely. She had been entirely faithful to Colonel Bampffield, and had accepted his explanations, but the duel with her brother-

in-law had pained her, and she could not fail to be influenced by the opinion of the first-rate men among whom she lived, who held him in but slight esteem. Sir James Halkett indeed showed him special kindness for her sake, as Anne, fearing that Sir James was taking more than ordinary trouble about her concerns, told him frankly of her engagement in order that there should be no mistake about their mutual relations; and in spite of herself the feeling grew upon her that she was compromising her name by allowing it to be associated with Bampffield's, and insensibly she became more reserved, and he less confident in his manner towards her.

Sir James Halkett understood the situation, and continued to serve her with the most respectful and unobtrusive courtesy. She had met at last with a heart as constant and unselfish as her own.

Some months later Sir James obtained indisputable proof that Mrs. Bampffield had reappeared in London, to contradict in person the repeated rumors of her death. He then waited upon Anne with more assiduity than ever, but though she had learnt to honor and trust him as her best friend, it was long before he could persuade her to grant him his heart's desire. Her self-respect had been wounded by Colonel Bampffield's treachery, and she felt bitterly as if her very engagement to him had rendered her unworthy to become the wife of a true man. She tried honestly but vainly to bring Sir James round to this opinion, but being at length convinced that his children, his family, and her own were all agreed in desiring the marriage, she consented to be made happy.

They lived for twenty years in the blessedness of a perfect union. Lady Halkett rejoiced in the Restoration, and imputed to Charles II. all the pious thoughts that filled her own heart on the occasion of his coronation.

Of her four children only one son, Robert, survived her. During her twenty-three years of widowhood she wrote treatises on religious subjects, and published many volumes of medita-

tions and prayers, which had a considerable reputation in her own day.

She lived to see the downfall of the Stuarts, whom no loyalty could save from the results of their own folly, and gladly, in her seventy-seventh year, she passed from a world of changes to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

MARGARET M. VERNEY.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

RUSKIN'S SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

On the shores of Cardigan Bay, swept by the warm current of the Gulf Stream, a steep rugged cliff juts boldly out from the mountain range which rises above the broad estuary of the river Mawddach. Perched on narrow ledges of this cliff, wherever they can find foothold, are the rough stone-built cottages of the Welsh fishing village of Abermaw, better known to-day as the modern popular watering-place of Barmouth. It is pleasant to forget, and from some points of view it is possible not to see, the ugly new buildings; and the old town climbing up the face of the rock, in utmost irregularity of outline, with the fine mass of the mountain grandly uplifted high above, is as picturesque as ever. Steep steps, often cut in the rock itself, or narrow, twisty passages, lead from one ledge to another. One terrace may hold two low, gabled cottages. Another may find room for a little group of three or four; or perhaps one cottage has its tiny plateau to itself. Often there are two—one on the top of the other—with the entrances at different levels; and from each one could drop a stone down the chimney of the cottage immediately below. Picturesque beyond question are these curious little eyries, the rock breaking out all about in hoary crags with clumps of heather and gorse, glacial markings, and white quartz veinings, and rising up and up for one thousand feet; and if the approach to them is somewhat difficult—if each has to consume more than the usual share of its neighbor's smoke—if one does some-

times feel cramped for lack of a level space to stretch one's legs in—there are gains which more than compensate for these drawbacks.

Where else do the windows open upon a finer expanse of sea and sky? Where are there more sheltered corners than under these rough-hewn, massive walls which keep off the wind from east to north, and reflect the sun's rays all day long? Where else such glorious glimpses from every opening of the mountains on each side of the broad river, with their ever-shifting lights and shadows? Into every cranny blows the sweet, salt air from the sea; every cottage is steeped in sunshine during the greater part of the day; and from every window can be seen either the long, soft line of mountains across the estuary, or the sea glimmering to the far horizon.

There are days of darkness and storm—days when only white lines of angry breakers on the bar gleam through the grey vapor that veils mountains and sea; days when rain lashes the cottage windows, and winds howl about the big chimneys. But the little cottages cling bravely on to the breast of the rock; and it is very rarely that they suffer any damage.

It is in this part of old Barmouth, "on the first bit of ground—noble crystal-line rock, I am thankful to say—possessed by St. George in the island" (to quote Mr. Ruskin)—that may be found the St. George's Cottages, given to the Guild of St. George in 1875 by Mrs. G. T. Talbot. And as questions are often asked about them, and as interest deepens with passing years in the great-hearted founder of the Guild, it has been suggested that a brief paper on the subject may be welcome, especially as it can fortunately be illustrated by an artist who is himself a tenant of one of St. George's cottages.

The events of the early seventies are already looked upon as ancient history. Probably every time is a "critical" time; but it seemed to many who were middle-aged men at that date, that so great were the changes—social, political, and intellectual—passing over the

human race, that nothing less than another revolution could be the outcome of the unrest and upheaval which they saw on all sides. To John Ruskin, partly from the idiosyncrasies of his temperament and the circumstances of his life, into which this is not the place to enter, the prospect assumed the gloomiest hue, and a social revolution seemed inevitable. It was impossible for a man of his intense character to accept such a fact, and go on living his own life in ease and indifference. There was the fiery zeal of a prophet within him, as well as the delicate perceptions of the artist soul; and he, at least, could not rest without taking some practical step for the help of his country. And so, in 1871, in the midst of literary, professorial, and other work, he spared time and thought to set on foot "the Guild of St. George," for the salvation of England, appealing in a series of letters to the workmen of England for co-operation in his scheme.

The following summary of the constitution of St. George's Company, in "Fors" for July, 1876, shows how slowly the enterprise grew:—

The St. George's Company is a society established to carry out certain charitable objects, towards which it invites and thankfully will receive help from any persons caring to give it, either in money, labor, or any kind of gift. But the company itself consists of persons who agree in certain general principles of action, and objects of pursuit, and who can therefore act together in effective and constant unison. These objects of pursuit are, in brief terms, the health, wealth, and long life of the British nation; the company having thus devoted itself in the conviction that the British nation is at present unhealthy, poor, and likely to perish, as a power, from the face of the earth. They accordingly propose to themselves the general medicining, enriching, and preserving in political strength of the population of these islands; they themselves numbering, at present, in their ranks about thirty persons—none of them rich, several of them sick, and the leader of them, at all events, not likely to live long.

Events have shown that Ruskin was

wrong in the details of his political forecast. But how real the danger was to him will be seen from the following sentences taken out of a letter to a girl who had become a member of the Guild. The first referred to a strike then going on, and is dated March 21, 1875:—

Of course the men are in the right. The masters have been villainous slave-masters, and their slaves are just finding out their strength. And there will be such "emancipation" as your evangelical friends little dream of. "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. But this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.

And on January 14, 1875, he wrote:—

You don't in the least believe me, I see, that revolution is coming, and that men can no more go on living as they do now than before the great French revolution. I do not know how far I am myself to have a hand in it. I mean, if I live at all. It is not in the least clear to me at present what my duty is. Meantime, I am describing bumble bees, and determining—which isn't easy—whether they should be called humble or bumble, and can't write more to-day.

We do not look for a revolution now, because we begin to recognize that it has come. In the phrase "We are all Socialists to-day" one hears the note of as marvellous a revolution as that of 1789, and in this revolution John Ruskin has assuredly had more hand than any other one man. His social experiment did *not* regenerate society. England would still have existed "as a power on the face of the earth" if the thirty or forty Companions of St. George had not banded themselves together to uphold a tottering nation. But the social and ethical teaching, of which that was the outward and visible sign, is bearing fruit a thousand-fold to-day wherever the English tongue is spoken, and will probably long survive Ruskin's influence in art.

With the best known result of St. George's Guild—the Museum at Sheffield—this little sketch does not deal. Mr. Ruskin spent much money, much

labor, upon the task of gathering together in it precious objects which he thought of educational, as well as of intrinsic, value; and a special interest will always belong to the collection for this reason. Besides the cottages at Barmouth, other property was also given to the Guild, notably a lovely bit of land in Worcestershire, the gift of one of the trustees.

It was at the end of 1874 that Mrs. Talbot, through a mutual friend, made Mr. Ruskin an offer, for St. George's Guild, of twelve or thirteen cottages and a piece of ground at Barmouth. The letters in which the master accepted the gift have kindly been placed at my service, and seem to me especially interesting, because they show how dear the scheme was to his heart, and with what real delight he welcomed this beginning of success—as it seemed to him. It is evident that, in spite of ridicule and indifference, he still believed in his own gospel of social salvation, and that he would be able to carry it through to practical and demonstrable issue.

The letters show also, with pathetic eloquence, that the terrible illness, which only two years later put an end to his capacity for the leadership of such an undertaking, was already threatening, already crippling, his powers of active work. When the apparent failure of St. George's Guild is pointed at as another instance of the uselessness of Utopian ideals, and of the impracticability of men of genius, it ought not to be forgotten that at the very moment when his hand was most needed at the helm, the master was struck down, and that the little craft was left captainless in the midst of the waves and winds.

I give the letters, or parts of them, in chronological order:—

10th December, '74.

My dear Madam,—I meant to send the enclosed to Mr. M—, but for fear of his not being at home in time I ventured to address it at once to you, with most true thanks for the kind expressions and inten-

tions of your letter—on which I only fear to presume too far.

J. RUSKIN.

The following was the letter enclosed:—

My dear M—,—I have been able now to read Mrs. Talbot's letter—it seems the kindest, and most wonderful, and most pretty beginning for us that could be—and there's not the slightest fear of the St. George's Company ever parting with an inch of anything they get hold of!—if that is indeed the only fear in the question—but do I rightly understand this letter as an offer to us of a piece of freehold land, with cottages on it—as a gift! Don't send this note if I misunderstand—but if I am right please enclose it to Mrs. Talbot with yours—for there is no spot in England or Wales I should like better to begin upon in *any* case.

The next may be given in full:—

December 15, '74

Herne Hill, S.E. London.

My dear Madam,—Again I have been, to my great vexation, prevented from at once replying to your most kind and important letter. The ground and houses which you offer me are exactly the kind of property I most wish to obtain for the St. George's Company: I accept them at once with very glad thanks, and will endeavor soon to come and see them, and thank you and your son in person.

No cottagers shall be disturbed—but, in quiet and slow ways, assisted—as each may deserve or wish to better their own houses in sanitary and comfortable points. My principle is to work with the minutest possible touches—but with steady end in view—and by developing as I can the energy of the people I want to help.

I will write more to your son if possible to-morrow, but am still heavily overworked.

Always gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

A letter under date "29th Jan., '75," is chiefly occupied with legal arrangements, but the following passage is also of interest:—

If indeed any doubt could exist respecting the usefulness to us of your gift, I would myself at once follow your kind suggestion and come down to Barmouth.

But there is no question at all. *Any* land, *any* building, offered me I would take, but these are just the kind and in the kind of place I should like best. But I am strangely out of sorts and unable for my work this Christmas, and have been more like taking to my bed, like Canon Kingsley, than coming to begin the St. George's work. And I am resolved on one thing now in my advanced time of life—never to overstrain when I'm tired.

In the next letter the same note is sounded. The date is February 3, 1875:—

I am especially grateful for the kind feelings expressed in your letter just now; for, of course, my present work makes many old friends shy of me; and many faithful ones are mostly gone—where faith will be rewarded—I hope.

The feeling of exhaustion is thus so complicated with quite inevitable form of sorrow or disappointment that I scarcely know how far to receive it as definite warning—but I will assuredly rest all I can—without proclaiming myself invalid. Your solicitor will, I doubt not, require explanation of the nature of St. George's Company, such as can be put in legal documents. If no simple form—such as "The St. George's Company, formed under the direction or directorship of J. R., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for the education of English peasantry"—will stand in law, you must just transfer the land straight to me without verbal restraint, and trust me to do right with it.

The last sentence I shall quote is from a letter dated July 18, 1875:—

I am profoundly grateful for your kind letter—and have great pleasure in receiving—signed with your name—the first monies paid as rental to the St. George's Company.

This matter of rental was one upon which Mr. Ruskin's law was inflexible. In the seventy-ninth number of "Fors" he says:—

It is taken first as the acknowledgment of the authority of the society over the land, and in the amount judged by the master to be just, according to the circumstances of the person and place, for the tenant to pay as a contribution to the funds of the society. The tenant has no

claim to the return of the rent in improvements on his ground or his house; and I order the repairs at Barmouth as part of the company's general action, not as return of the rent to the tenants.

Punctuality of payment (except in urgent cases of sickness or distress) is always insisted upon; and it is interesting to state that since the passing of this rule, when the cottages were given to the Guild, only one tenant has been dismissed in consequence of unpunctuality in paying rent.

Many of the tenants are the same now as in 1875; and it is pleasant to hear the pride with which they will speak of "my cottage" as a home—not as a mere temporary dwelling-place.

Mrs. Talbot is, by the master's wish, in absolute control of the property. Year by year, any little improvement which can add to the comfort of the cottagers is carried out under her orders; a larger window here, a new fireplace there, an extra room contrived, as the children begin to grow up. But the chief aim is to keep the cottagers at the original low rentals, so that the poor may be able to stay in their old homes; and nothing is done to change the entirely cottage character of the dwellings. Of course, no tenant would be accepted unless of good character; and the knowledge that rent must be paid punctually, that no real discomfort or inconvenience will be overlooked—if it can be remedied—and that each one is personally known, cared for in sickness and helped in any difficulty, is an immense incentive to good conduct. The pretty warm gifts of clothing and coal at Christmas, and the tea and cake to celebrate the master's birthday on February 8, are trifles in themselves, but they help to "ring out the feud of rich and poor," and bring on the golden age. All the tenants have heard of Mr. Ruskin; most of them saw him when he came to Barmouth to visit his new property in the summer of 1876. A portrait of him hangs on the wall of one of the prettiest of the cottages, where, at the time of his visit, lived an old man and his

wife. From some resemblance to the Italian hero this old man was commonly known as "Garibaldi." He was proud of the name, and called his cottage "Caprera." He was a scholar, and had read some of Mr. Ruskin's books, once passing judgment upon them in the following words: "Yes, Mr. Ruskin says some very good things. But it is a pity he does not write better English, for then I could understand it better."

His widow lives on alone in the old cottage. A smaller one would do better for her; but she tells you, with tears in her eyes, that she loves the little place where William and she lived for twenty-eight years, and it would break her heart to leave it. It stands quite alone, on a circular ledge of rock. A low wall in front of the tiny bit of ground cuts against the sea when you are in the kitchen and look through the deep-set window; and when the old woman sits outside with her sewing on sunny afternoons—or if her sailor son comes to see her, and does a bit of mending or patching on the bench under the window—it is as private as in an enclosed garden.

A little lower than this cottage is a one-roomed dwelling. It looks very pretty sometimes, when the window is open, the sea and the mountains filling up the space, the sunshine falling across the plant in the broad window-sill, and lighting the open cupboard in the corner with its brilliant array of china cups and jugs. In front of the large old-fashioned chimney corner stands a little round table; and probably the tenant herself is seated by it, knitting (sewing I should have said a few months ago, but her sight is failing), and is delighted to have a chat with a visitor, and proud when her neat little home is admired. There is much kindness of heart in these hot-tempered Welsh people. It was a real joy to this poor woman to give away a blue-and-white china plate, which she said was one of the first china "sets" that ever came into Barmouth, and had been brought by her grandfather, a seaman;

and an old pair of sugar-tongs (age being the test of value in her eyes) which had belonged to her mother.

But the most interesting tenant of St. George's Cottages was M. Auguste Guyard, who, at the time of Mr. Ruskin's visit to Barmouth, was living at Rock Terrace, in the house now occupied by Mr. A. J. Hewins, the artist. M. Guyard was a remarkable man, and had an eventful life. It was a strange fate which brought him from Paris, from a circle of literary and philosophical friends, to end his days in a remote Welsh village, doctoring his poor neighbors, teaching Welsh peasant women to make vegetable soups, and trying by experiments to discover which herbs and trees would grow best in his rocky mountain ground, and best resist the storms from the Atlantic that often swept across his terraced gardens.

He had been a reformer, an experimenter, a philanthropist, all his life. In the "gentil petit village" of Frotey-lez-Vesoul, where he was born, he had tried to carry out a plan of social reform, and to establish a "commune modèle," which in conception and motive, and often even in small details, closely resembled the Ideal Mr. Ruskin set before himself in the Guild of St. George, many years later.

M. Guyard's best-known and most charming work, "*Lettres aux Gens de Frotey*," describes these social experiments. Unfortunately they met with the usual fate of social experiments. Somehow the world has a trick of working out its social evolution in its own blundering way—not in the way philanthropists and idealists prescribe for it. M. Guyard—who was an educationalist first of all, though he was much more—soon roused the jealousy and hostility of the Roman Church, and it became impossible for him to continue the beneficent work he had begun in face of the implacable enmity of the priesthood. After two years' labor, during which brief time very remarkable results had been accomplished towards the formation of the "model commune," the opposition of

the priests put an end to the "*Cœuvre de Frotey*," from which he had hoped so much.

M. Guyard was intimate with all the eminent men of his time and country. Men of letters, poets, painters, politicians, and even bishops formed the circle of his associates; while such men as Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas (père), Victor Hugo, Jérôme, Emile Deschamps, could be counted among his close friends.

His daughter remembers being taken as a child to see Lamartine—on his weekly reception day. He was then an invalid, and was lying on a couch, surrounded by numerous cats, and seven or eight greyhounds of all sizes. The fact that most impressed the child about the great man was that he had most beautiful white hands.

Love of animals has almost invariably been a characteristic of notable men. When Victor Hugo went into exile he left to the tender care of M. and Mme. Guyard his well-beloved white Persian cat, which they treasured for many years—M. Guyard, as will be seen, having a remarkable power of sympathizing with and gaining the confidence of animals.

It was not only in his own country that M. Guyard was known and appreciated by those whose appreciation is worth having. When living at Barmouth he kept up a friendly correspondence with Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta. Dean Stanley was greatly interested in many of his ideas; and though the two men never met, frequent letters passed between them up to the time of the dean's death.

Being so widely known, and having so many influential friends in the highest circles of Parisian life, it seems strange that M. Guyard's enlightened and philanthropic work failed to receive the rewards which France is so ready to bestow upon her public-spirited sons. But the air was full of troubles. Educational movements were looked upon with suspicion by both Church and State. Napoleon III. was no friend to "model communes" and Utopian dreamers; and then, as ever,

funds were required to reform ever so small a corner of the world. In 1865 M. Guyard seems to have been compelled to give up active work for Froty; and in 1870 the war between France and Germany broke out. When Paris was besieged the women and old people were requested to leave the city if possible, and M. Guyard and his daughters came to England. The cottage at Barmouth, No. 2 Rock Terrace, was offered to him as a refuge, and gladly accepted; and there he lived until his death in 1882.

M. Guyard, with the wisdom of the true philosopher, quickly adapted himself to his new environment. He knew scarcely any English, but soon established pleasant relations with his neighbors, and is still gratefully remembered for his kindness and skill in cases of illness, medicine being one of his many hobbies.

Behind the narrow terrace where the two best houses belonging to the Guild stand looking out seawards over chimney-pots and roofs, rise a series of tiny terraced gardens, connected by steps cut in the rock, or built of rough stones, from one level to another. To cultivate these gardens soon became the chief occupation and delight of the old exile. Day by day his tall, thin figure could be seen, clad in a long, grey coat, with a red fez upon his white hair, as he climbed the steep steps from one terrace to another, accompanied by his devoted dog "Cara"—a lovely, gentle creature of the collie tribe, with long, brown-and-white hair, small in size, of a loving nature and marvellous intelligence. So great was the affection between master and dog, that M. Guyard's daughters—who had left home—used to speak of "their sister Cara" as the favorite. M. Guyard had a wonderful gift of taming animals. One summer he had tamed a hawk and a jackdaw. They used to roost together at night on a perch he had fixed up inside his bedroom window, and fly about during the day. When he went out and clapped his hands they would quickly answer the signal.

It was wonderful what the skill and industry of the philosopher-gardener produced out of the various little plots of ground under his care. Vegetables never failed, in plenty, all the year round. Willows still wave their graceful branches where he planted them on ledges of the mountain-side; here and there a little copse of thorn and birch trees relieves the bare rock; patches of wild strawberry and beds of sweet violets show traces of his handiwork.

His knowledge of the herbs of the field was as that of Solomon. One knew that if any question arose about plant or animal, geological, physiological, or etymological dispute—it might be referred to him for settlement. It has never chanced to me to meet any one possessed of such varied and extensive knowledge. He was a born teacher, too, and was patient and gentle with the ignorant. The good of humanity was his ideal, and he never lost his enthusiasm for the deep convictions to which he had given the best of his life.

It will be easily understood that when Mr. Ruskin visited the newly acquired property of St. George, the French philosopher and philanthropist won his heart. The two had much in common: belief in the high destiny of mankind; the generous enthusiasms and aspirations that prompt to self-devotion; and, above all, the practical conviction that in flying from cities and luxurious lives, and in leading laborious days combined with the education of heart and mind, the perfect way was to be found.

"These things which I am but now discovering and trying to teach, *you* knew and taught when I was a child," exclaimed the master, happy to find in one of his new tenants a sympathetic and appreciative admirer. When Mr. Ruskin was leaving Barmouth it happened that M. Guyard was ill in bed, and he was asked to go to the bedroom to bid farewell. After some talk, they parted, the English professor affectionately bending down to kiss the French reformer—akin in soul, though

so far apart in circumstance, these two men, who never met again.

Soon afterwards Mr. Ruskin was struck down by illness, and never took any further practical steps towards carrying out his schemes of social reform. But M. Guyard lived his theory in daily practice, working with his hands to enrich and beautify the earth; teaching whenever or wherever he could, and setting forth the true philosophic life. He did not return to Paris, except to bring away his belongings; and after some years obtained a promise that when his work was over he might be laid in a spot he had chosen on the mountain, enclosed by Mrs. Talbot's boundary wall, one hundred and fifty feet above his little house. From this spot one looks down over the steep, half-wild gardens, where he had toiled, far away to the wide stretch of sea—to the long, level headland of Llwyngwrll—to the all-embracing sky—typical, he may have thought, of his laborious life swallowed up in the vastness of eternity. And when the time came, hither he was carried, one summer's day, up the difficult hill-side—the little procession only able to walk one by one along the narrow path. A clergyman of the Church of England who had been his pupil willingly conducted the simple service, and a small group of villagers and strangers, gathered upon the open mountain above the enclosed ground, looked down upon the scene as the mourners laid him "in sure and certain hope" in the grave hewn out of the solid rock. Huge blocks of stone were afterwards placed upon the grave, and over them grow trailing ivy, periwinkle, and cotone aster, tended by friendly hands. At the head of the grave on a stone are inscribed, under his name and the dates of his birth and death, the following lines, which he dictated for this purpose to his daughter, the day before his death:—

Ci-gît un Semeur qui
Sema jusqu'au tombeau

Le Vrai, le Bien, le Beau
Avec Idolatrie
A travers mille combats
De la plume et des bras.
Tels travaux en ce monde
Ne se compensent pas.

A thorn hedge, blown out of shape by the rough winds from the sea, protects the headstone, and beyond spread sea and sky.

Looking landwards, a magnificent crag of hoary, heather-clad rock rises immediately outside the wall, and all round break away the fine mountain masses, as grand in their way as the wide seascape.

Nowhere could a great soul feel more in harmony with nature. Low-growing willows and birches, planted by his own hand, make a little shelter about the exile's grave, and beneath them, in springtime, all the ground is starred with daffodils and primroses; later, with wild strawberry blossom and the blue dog-violet; while later still, the heather bursts into purple bloom, the blackberries hang in clusters against the old stone wall, and the bramble leaves burn scarlet and gold in the autumn sunshine.

Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world
suspects,
Living and dying.

And as we stand by the grave of one who was well content to be laid in foreign earth, the truth is borne to us on the voice of sea and wind—that all who love their fellow-creatures are linked in one bond, stronger than that of creed and race and the belief is strengthened that no generous impulse—either of him who undertook to change a French village into a "commune modèle," or of the master of St. George's Guild, who hoped to save England by an ideal scheme of social life—is fruitless in the final sum of things.

BLANCHE ATKINSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
WIDDER VLINT.

Widder Vlint's cottage stud at the tap o' the vullage, wi' a banging girt vlight o' staps a-vor the door. The staps wez brauken an' mortal zlippery when it rained; but thet wezn't here nor there, cuz vew folks iver came up 'em. Widder Vlint, hur wez disrespectit in the vullage, 'aving borned dree drunkards, tho' the naybors wez kind o' zorry vor hur now an' agin; an' when hur son Josh wez drawed vrom his hoss an' brauk hiz neck, they jest zed that "wan o' the tu wez drunk," an' left folk to judge atween the man an' the mare.

Wan arternoon I drapped in to zee how hur wez getting on, cuz ther wez a moast kindidlin' zmill o' fried bacon cooming droo the door. The table wez layed for tay, zo I zat mezulf down. I wez a kind o' relation o' Widder Vlint's, tho' I didn't make much o' it zept at mait times an' zich, cuz o' hur baing so mortal disrespectit. It zeemed to me hur didn't take anuff count o' the 'pinlon o' the vullage, hur wez thic turrible zet on her childer, wimmen not 'aving no discarnment in zich things. Wull, I 'adn't bin vive minets inzide the door vor hur got talkin' o' 'em, tho' I didn't vind no speshul intrast in the subject mezulf.

"I've a deal to be thankvul vor, a deal," hur zed. "Ther wez Tummas, now," then hur stapped quat;² I reckon 'tweez 'ard even vor hur to vind anything vavorzome to zay o' Tummas. "Wull," hur dawdled on, "ha had a windervul 'ead o' hair, had Tummas. Pore lad! ha wez alwez a good lad to me; ha braut me the vurst shillun that iver ha arned, an' thin ha kinder tuk it back. Ha aimed high, did Tummas, tho' maybe ha didn't alwez raltch."

Hur wez zilent a minet an' tarned the bacon in the pan where twez spittin' an' zmillin' moast amazin' tasty.

"Then ther wez Josh," hur contineed, "ha thet wez drawed vrom hiz hoss an' brauk hiz neck. Ha had a

windervul kindidlin' zmile o' times had Josh, an' when they braut him 'ome to me the last time an' layed him down in the kaurner o' the kitchen, thickey zmile wez on his vace kind o' pacevul like. I stapped a-zide him droo the nlte; I thort maybe the pore chil might find it lonesome out ther wi' iverything so noo. I tooked hiz hand cuz twez dark vust a-long, an' Josh wez alwez mortal a-feardt o' the dark. An' I kind o' thought ez how ha wez ez a little lad, I knawed ha hadn't alwez acted zactly vor the best zince he had grawed to be a man. The moon riz an' staled in upon him an' ha zmlid back at hur, an' twez a turrible pacevul zmile thic ha guved hur. An' thin ther coomed to me they words vrom the Buk, 'Gaw in pace, for thy zins be vorguved to 'ee.' An' I vell a-zobbing, quietlike, cuz I didn't want to distarb him, pore lamb, but ha jest zmlid on. The pace o' the Laurd ain't like our pace, it ain't to be brauk, it ain't to be brauk."

Hur stapped short an' wan banging girt tear fell strat in the pan. I thort twez a mortal pity to spile good bacon zo, speshul ez Josh wez the biggest rapscallion thet iver walked; but I cudn't help baing a bit zorry vor the pore owld dumman, cuz tiz the way wi' wimmen to git turrible vond o' trash.

"Jesse was the next to gaw," hur zed, after hur had kind o' come to hurself like, "my little lad dead now along o' the rast!" Hur alwez called Jesse "hur little lad," tho' ha wez vull sax veet high an' weighed nigh on vourteen stone; but wimmen ain't got no discrumination in zich things.

"Wull, wull," hur endid up, "I've only Dave luft now, but ha be a vine up-standing lad, an' I've a deal to be thankvul vor, a deal."

Then the big clock in the kaurner struck sax, an' Dave coomed in, an' I wez moast mortal glad to see him cuz the bacon wez jest ready to be dished, an' I niver cud a-bear things burnt to a cinder. "Moather," ha zed ez ha hunged up hiz tools behind the door, "'ee have got on thickey boots thet coom zo hard on yer little taw."

"Wull, Dave, lad," hur answered, "I

¹ Kindidlin', enticing.

² Quat, plump.

wez a gwaying to buy a noo pair ez I promised 'ee I wid, only I erved¹ up agin Maister Parsons, ha ez kapes the little grocer's shap down the lower end o' the vullage, an' ha zed ez how ha had got a powerzome noo tay in, cuz I towld him ez how yer didn't vind anuff scratt² in thickey last thet uz 'ad, zo I thort I wud jest buy a pun an' let the boots bide a bit."

"Wull, moather," ha zed ez ha pulled his cheer up to the table, "I do zeem a moast windervul 'and at rizzing a tharst, but zomehow"—an' ha pushed hiz cup across to be vullid agin—"it zeems ez if ther wez thic in the tharst thet tay didn't git houldt of, but tiz a powerzome gud tay, an' most vull o' scratt all-the-zame."

I saw hur look zmart down at hiz plate—ha hadn't tiched a bit o' victals, only drunk away ez if hiz throat wez a red 'ot coal. 'Pon me Zam, I cud almost yhear it fizz where I zat.

"Ate a bit o' bacon like a gud chil," hur zed, kindidlin' like; "'tiz from the ztreaky end."

"It zmells windervul tasty, moather," ha answered, "an' I wid dearly like a bit o' it cold ta-marrer; but the tay iz zo powerzom gud, I doan't zeem to care for naught ulse."

Later on, when the table had been cleared an' Iverything made vitty, uz all drewed our cheers up to the vire. Widder Vlint hur tooked hur knittin' vrom the drawer in the owld dresser, an' when I yhear'd thickey naydles clacking away, I claused my eyes an' reckoned I wud gaw to slape. After a bit Dave ha turned to the owld dumman.

"Moather," ha zed, "do 'ee dap back on thic nite when pore Jesse got kind o' mad w' the drink an' shat hizsulf, an' how yer an' me wint out 'and in 'and an' vound him, an' yer tarned to me an' zed, 'I've only thee luft now, Dave;' and I tooked poor Jesse's hand an' layed it atween yers an' mine, an' swore thet I wid niver touch strong drink, an' if I had to die vor it I wid die game? Moather, moather," he endid up

kind o' sharp like, "I reckon the drink 'ull 'ave me yet."

Hur put hur arms round him an' drewed hiz head down upon hur lap, ez maybe hur had done many times a-vor when ha wez a little lad.

"Pore lamb!" hur zed, "pore lamb!"

Arter a bit hur contineed, "Dave," hur zed, "do 'ee mind on the pore widdy wuman in the Buk, an' how she guved hur mite to the Laurd, an' tho' ther wez urch³ volks alongside o' hur ez guved gorjus gufts, yit the Laurd Ha valleyed the mite moast. An' zo I reckon 'tiz w' uz—'tain't wat uz does, but wat uz tries to do, that the Laurd vallys, an' thin Ha kind o' makes up the rast Hizsulf."

But Dave ha ony gripped howldt o' the pore dumman more tight like. "Moather, moather," ha zed, "spose I shudn't die game?"

Hur rinned hur fingers droo' hiz hair kind o' tender vashion, but hur didn't zay naught. I reckon mezulf hur wez thunkin' thet 'twad be w' ha the zame ez 'tweez w' the rast o' 'em.

"Zay zommat, moather, zay zommat," he axed.

Hur looked away across hiz hed inter the vire, ez if hur zaw zomethin' mazin' particular down among the coals.

"Dave," hur answered, kind o' zlow, "when vust I commed to be disrespectit in the vullage, an' folks drewed it at me that I had borned dree drunkards, it zeemed a bit hard, tho' I cudn't gaw vor to lay blame on the lads. Then Tummas wez tuk, an' the naybors wez a bit sniffy an' thin, claus on tap o' ha, pore Josh ha brauk hiz neck, an' tho' the folks coomed to the vunerel, they kind o' made a vavor o' it. Wull, then, Jesse ha shat hizsulf, an' I bought the hat-bands an' gloves, an' they wez real gud uns too, but no wan wez ther to put 'em on, an' uz waitid an' they niver coomed, zo yer an' I uz wint on a-lone. An' ez I walked a-longside o' 'ee, Dave, the strait it niver zeemed zo long a-vor or the vullage zo vull o' folk. An' when I passed thickey hauses, I kinder zed to mezulf ain't ther

¹ Eerved, ran.

² Scratt, scrape.

³ Urch, rich.

wan pusson in 'ee that wull coom out an' voller me lad. Then uz tarned the kaurner where Mat Mucksey's hause stands, an' I thort he wud coom surely, vor they played together ez little lads. An' ha stud at the winder an' looked out, an' I kind o' gripped howldt o' him wi' me eyes. I thort maybe the Laurd wud let me draw him so, but twezn't to be. Then me heart wez angirt that they shud sarve my boy zo, my lamb, my little lad, my Jesse, an' I didn't yhear naught o' the sarvice, tho' ther be terrible comforting words in it, but I tooked my boy an' layed him ther on the disrespectit north zide, where the zun only creeps round o' whiles; but maybe the Laurd will think on thic when the Jidgement day cooms an' riz him tender accordin'. An' Dave, why shud yer want to be more than ha, pore lamb, pore lamb? wezn't ha the eldest, an' why shud yer want to make yerzulf higher?"

Dave ha looked up in hur vace, but hur kind o' tarned hur eyes tother way.

"Moather," ha zed, "yer wudn't 'ave me die a drunkard, zurely?"

But hur didn't answer ha at all.

"Moather, moather," ha zed.

"Dave," hur zed, "didn't I born 'ee all, didn't 'ee all lay upon my brast, an' ain't 'ee all my childer, an' why shud wan gau vor to make hizself higher than tothers?"

Dave ha drapped hiz head down on hur knay, an' the kaitchen wez zilencevul.

At last ha lifted up hiz vace, an' twez a windervul pitying luk ha gived hur. "Moather," ha zed, "I reckon uz zons 'ave brought 'ee a power o' zarrar.¹

But hur answered kind o' random like. "Dave," hur zed, "God vorgive me an' make 'ee do wat iz vitty."²

When the winter coomed round, Widdler Vlint hur kind o' vell together. The naybors zed "Hur hadn't no more spirit than a warm, an' vor sich dreary, some folk warms wez the best company." Then hur tooked to hur bed, an'

¹ Zarrar, sorrow.

² Vitty, right.

wan Vriday marning hur wez thet bad Dave didn't gaw to hiz work, but zat azide hur droo the day, an' I kind o' kapt him company. Hur dauzed a bit, an' when hur wauk up Dave axed hur iv hur had any pain.

"No, lad," hur answered, "wangery,³ turrible wangery, thics all."

Just about vour o' the clock hur zeemed a bit brighter.

"Dave," hur zed, "I reckon I wid like a chapter vrom the Buk."

"Shall I vetch it, moather?" ha axed.

"No, lad," she zed. "I misremembered it wez down-stairs; maybe yer cud zay a prayer?"

"I ony knows 'Our Vather' an' the Blessin', moather," he answered.

"Then I reckon 'tiz the Blessin' I wull 'ave," she zed; "'tiz a bootivul zaying, 'Vor what us 'ave recaved,'—zay on, lad."

"The Laurd make uz truly thankvul," Dave ended.

"An' uz 'ave 'ad a deal to be thankvul vor, a deal," hur zed.

But Dave ha jest zat ther like a stone an' didn't zay naught.

"Zay, lad, zay," hur axed, kind o' painvul.

Thin ha tooked hur hands, mazing owld an' knotted hands they wez, ha tooked 'em in hiz an' ha kneeled azide the bed an' put his vace down agin hur heart.

"Moather, moather," he zed, "God guved me thee."

Hur only spoke wance after thic. "Lay me zide o' Jesse," hur zed; "I reckon the little lad 'ull be warmer along o' his moather."

ZACK.

³ Wangery, tired.

From The Saturday Review.

COLOR IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photography of objects in their natural colors has long been sought after. If its quest has seemed as visionary as that of the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life, yet from time to time par-

tial discoveries have been made which promised the speedy realization of a practical process. No one can deny that for many months past, and with increasing interest, the subject of color-photography has excited much attention. Much has been done recently, and several different processes have been successfully carried to a stage of perfection far beyond anything previously reached. Much was, indeed, left to be attained; was it attainable?

To color a photograph with paint is one thing. To reproduce color by photography is another. No one deems such processes as staining photographs by hand—the “art of chrysostoleum” dear to lady-amateurs—to be worthy of serious attention. Several of the so-called processes of photography in colors are equally worthless as science or as art. From these to the three-block methods of color-printing is a long stride. Of the three-block methods there are many varieties, the fundamental idea of all being the same. Three separate negatives are taken through three screens of colored glass, to correspond to the three primary color sensations of the eye. Through a red glass screen those parts of the object photograph themselves most intensely which are radiating out red light. This yields a first negative corresponding to the red sensation. Through a green glass screen those parts which are emitting a green component produce their greatest effect in the second negative; while in the third negative the parts that radiate blue-violet light are brought out most strongly by being photographed through a blue-violet screen. Yellow light will affect the first and second of these; purple light the first and third; white light will affect all three. The three negatives taken thus from one colored subject will differ, therefore, in detail from one another. From them three blocks are prepared for the printing; and three kinds of printing-ink must be chosen of suitable tint and transparency. Since all printing processes consist in using pigment to darken the surface of the white paper on which

the impress is made, each block must be printed in a pigment which is of a complementary tint to that of the light by which the negative was produced. The three colored impressions must, of course, be adjusted to perfect “register,” exactly as in the more complicated older process of chromolithography. This kind of reproduction of color by photography is, in fact, a simplification of the older methods of color-printing, in substituting three accurate photographic process-blocks for the dozen or more hand-made blocks which formerly had to be employed. Of the success of these three-block methods from a commercial point of view there can be no question; but they scarcely fulfil the anticipation of photography in colors. The colored collotype photographs of Alpine scenery which have been familiar for some years in the print-sellers’ windows have a kindred origin; the color-blocks from which they are printed, though in some cases more than three in number, are simply photographic relief-blocks prepared by the collotype process for printing. They, too, fail to realize a true photography in colors.

A more satisfactory solution of the problem of the photographic registration and reproduction of color is afforded by the chromoscope of Mr. Ives. Still working on the three-screen method of taking negatives, though with important improvements, Ives prepares three corresponding transparent positives, each colorless, which, illuminated separately by lights of three primary tints, red, green, and blue-violet, are then optically recombined in the instrument to form a single colored picture. Ives’s success in this optical combination has been nothing short of marvellous. But unless the instrument, the chromoscope, is available to view the photographs, they convey no sense of color. Ives has also produced transparent color-pictures by printing from the three negatives three separate prints in the three tints upon clear gelatine films, which are then superposed one over the other. The extreme nicety required to produce exact super-

position in every detail renders this method less satisfactory.

True photography of colors was achieved first about six years ago by Professor Lippmann, of Paris, as the result of applying to photography ideas that originated in the domain of abstract physics. If trains of waves are reflected from a polished mirror, each reflected wave must meet in turn the advancing waves of the train, causing the production of the so-called stationary waves, with nodal planes spaced out at regular distances apart; the distance from each node to the next being equal to one wave-length. As the waves of light are very minute, ranging from fifteen to thirty millionths of an inch in length, the nodal distances will be equally minute. If then the photographic action takes place either more freely or less freely at a node, the result will be, when such stationary waves are produced in a photographic film, to cause the deposition of the silver-salts of the film in regular layers of great minuteness. To produce these stationary waves, Lippmann used dry plates, backed by a mercury-mirror. When white light falls at the proper angle on a film in which these regularly deposited layers exist, it is sent back as colored light; just as in the phonograph the record carried on the recording cylinder can be made to reproduce the original sound, so in Lippmann's films the record photographed into the film in layers of incredible minuteness and complexity can be made to reproduce the original color. The photographs which he obtained look like ordinary colorless negatives when the light falls casually upon them. But when viewed at nearly perpendicular incidence, they glitter with a richness of coloring not to be attained by any pigment. Each photograph is a true color-picture; but each is an individual gem admitting of no multiplication of copies. Very few have been yet produced; and those in existence are correspondingly precious.

Latest amongst claimants to have solved the problem of color-photog-

raphy comes M. Chassagne, whose apostle in this country is Sir Henry Trueman Wood. As M. Chassagne has only revealed a portion of his process, the results, such as they are, must be accepted with caution. Yet there seems to be no room for fraud. Briefly the discovery is this: that in addition to precipitating in the film a more or less dark deposit of silver in proportion to the relative intensity of illumination, light is according to its color able to produce a specific physical change by virtue of which each part of the photograph is able, when immersed in a bath of dye, to absorb the dye just in those parts of the picture where the corresponding tint originally fell. Thus a red-tiled roof in a landscape, when photographed by means of properly prepared films, appears to be capable of so affecting that part of the film on which its image has fallen that when the whole photograph is immersed in a solution of some suitable red dye, the dye settles down in that part of the picture, and not in the parts where blue sky or green trees have left their images. If this is true, it is a most significant addition to the science of optics. If it is not true, the process is only a clever fraud. But admitting that it is true, the results, surprising as they are as a matter of science, are disappointing as a matter of art. The Chassagne photographs shown at the Society of Arts lately, look like ordinary photographs faintly tinted in washes of color. That the tinting follows the lines of the photographic figure with the utmost precision and detail proves either the extraordinary importance of the discovery or the amazing cleverness of the fraud. The former is the more probable, since neither Sir Henry Wood nor Captain Abney is likely to be imposed upon in such a matter. The discovery raises afresh a question raised half a century ago by Becquerel by some researches in which he succeeded in fixing, temporarily, upon photographic plates the colors of the spectrum—namely, whether it is possible that light of any given color may not be able under some cir-

cumstances actually to create a pigment of its own tint out of a chemical precipitation of material taking place under its influence. Until, however, M. Chassagne is in a position to reveal the nature of the secret solution with which he prepares his photographic plates, all speculation must be more or less wide of the mark. For the present, disappointing as his colored photographs are, they mark the beginning of a new step in the photographic art, provided always that the basis of the process is, as seems to be the case, a new step in science.

SILVANUS THOMPSON.

From The Spectator.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF RELIGIOUS POETRY.

The purpose of all poetry is to illuminate our experience of the world by means of passion and imaginative thought. Passion is necessary, because it is only when the mind is at white heat under the influence of some powerful emotion that its contents become so thoroughly fused as to flow readily into a new mould. By calling this new mould of thought imaginative, it is meant that the elements of experience which move the poet, and about which he desires to move us, are brought into sudden vividness through association with some other experience whose value is clearly known. Thus when the Psalmist says, "My days are gone by like a shadow, and I am withered like grass," there rises before the mind the picture of some hot Eastern landscape; and as we look at the grass all dry in the sun's glare, there passes over it the shadow of a bird's wing. And by means of that picture, in which the poet saw an image of the transitoriness of human life, his emotion becomes ours. Now this fine verse from the 102nd Psalm, though it occurs in a religious poem, is not itself religious poetry; it is a poetical illumination of a fact of human life, its shortness, which every one must recognize to be a fact,

whatever his religion, and perhaps most keenly if he has none. Poetry is not religious unless it recognizes the religious interpretation of the world, and this constitutes its chief difficulty. For there is an alternative risk, either that the religious poet will go straight to the facts that have roused his emotion, and represent them apart from their Christian interpretation, or that the work of reflection involved in attending to this will cool his imagination. There is a danger that his Christianity will get the better of his poetry, or his poetry of his Christianity.

The most successful religious poetry, because the least troubled by this difficulty, is lyrical expression of the soul's delight in God, and in the world of nature regarded as His handiwork. In the first case, the feelings of admiration, love, hope, and worship that the poet must express will be so simple and direct that there is small chance of collision between his instinctive religious emotions, which are to a certain extent Christianized, and his Christian creed; we find it possible to use to-day, with not so very much mental reservation and correction, the religious lyrics of the Jews, and with more reservation, those of other peoples. And in regard to nature the Christian creed is so broad that provided the beauty of nature be ascribed to God, the Christian can sympathize both with Cowper, who lays the greater stress on God's transcendence, and with Wordsworth, who lays the greater stress on his immanence. When religious lyrics fail, it is usually because emotion has been considered a sufficient equipment for the sacred poet without thought and imagination. This is the common fault of hymns. The experience they represent has been fresh felt in passion, but not fresh dipped in thought. A man of genius differs from the rest of us chiefly in this, that the simplest thing he studies, by the branches it puts out, the ties it reveals to so many things else, is a perpetual fount of interest, and so the tritest facts of nature and grace never cease to be a revelation.

But the "new song" which the Chris-

tian poet has to sing must be sung not only before "the Throne" and "the Living Creatures," but also before "the Elders;" that is to say, it must interpret anew to the Church the Christian interpretation of man's life; and it is here that the chief difficulty of religious poetry shows itself. The cause of the difficulty lies in the fact that "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual;" and this is true in more ways than one. The spiritual interpretation of the world does not lie on the surface, and there is a natural explanation which is always ready to present itself. Take for an example the phenomenon of death. When the poet is deeply stirred by this fact of death, when his passion is liberated and the world shaken to and fro in his imagination, it is almost necessarily the first natural view of death that possesses him. If he is considering the thought of death abstractly, or looking forward to it as Browning does in "Prospice," or reflecting upon it long afterwards as Tennyson in the "In Memoriam," then he will remember he is a Christian; but at the moment when the shock comes it is not the reflective mind that is at work, it is the imagination stirred by passion; the phenomenon of death lies once more in its naked awfulness before the poet as freshly as the world lay before Adam, compelling him to utter the dread name, and shudderingly he names it. It is pure loss; the flower is shattered, the wine is spilt; "the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern." Look at this verse wrung from the greatest poet of our own day by the death of his friend:—

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

The sea's voice breaking on its "cold, grey stones" has sung a song of natural and inevitable fate; and the poet

has heard and understood; and his song, a song of natural and inevitable fate, a song that might have come from Mimmernus, will echo in the hearts of Englishmen when the "In Memoriam" lies as dusty on the booksellers' shelves as the "Essay on Man" does to-day. Or take an even more pointed instance from the same poet; read the exquisite first four stanzas of "The Deserted House:"—

Life and thought have gone away

Side by side

Leaving doors and windows wide;

and then read the intolerable appendix, added to Christianize it,—lines that have neither passion, nor thought, nor melody, nor rhythm. There is a second sense, too, in which religious poetry is hampered by the precedence of the natural over the spiritual. The heyday of the blood in which the passion is strongest and the imagination most active is often a day of revolt against tradition, and especially against that traditional interpretation of the deepest facts of life which we call Christianity. We need only point to Shelley. That Shelley ranked himself as a servant of the truth, and thought he lived at least as resolutely as most people by the highest ideal he knew, but few perhaps would dispute. But the fact remains that he is not a Christian poet, but, on the contrary, that he branded as "impious," and stamped in the dust with all the passion of his poet's nature, "the name that is above every name." And even when there is no actual revolt against Christianity, it would seem true that, while the main effort of Christianity is to discover "a soul of goodness" in the world's evil, it is the sombre aspects of life which appeal most keenly to the poetical sensibility. When Shakespeare tells us that young gentlemen in his day "would be sad as night only for wantonness," he is passing a criticism upon the minor poetry of all time; but even greater poets have sometimes felt themselves called to be a nerve over which should creep "the else unfelt oppressions of

the earth." And so a great deal of poetry is pessimistic, and therefore un-Christian.

The greatest poets, however, almost always consider it to be their function to discover an optimism on the further side of this pessimism; and thus, even when they do not name the Christian name, they range themselves under the Christian standard. For this enterprise a larger canvas is necessary than the pure lyric can supply. When it is attempted in too short compass either the pessimism must be undervalued or else the poet's passion exhausts itself over that, and the optimism becomes merely abstract,—becomes gnomic poetry, which is not poetry at all. It must be recognized that sometimes this "dialectical" work has been effectively accomplished "within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground." A very fine instance is Milton's sonnet on his blindness, in which the often-quoted line, "They also serve who only stand and wait," escapes the unimpressiveness usual with gnomic verse by carrying always along with it the passion of what has preceded,—the systole and diastole of the poet's heart pleading with his maker. It is in the wide spaces of the epic, in the drama, with its slow development, its crises, its catastrophe, that the vindication of the spiritual forces of life is most adequately undertaken. In the Shakespearean drama there is no fate—no fate, at least, of which man is not master—and no laws but the laws of the spirit. Among our later poets, Browning has signalized himself by such an endeavor as we are describing. His failures are conspicuous enough; for example, it must have struck every reader that in the epilogue to "*Dramatis Personæ*," where David, Renan, and the poet epiloguize, the poetic nature of Browning has thrown all its passion and imagination into the pessimistic view of Renan, which, as a theologian, he is endeavoring to combat; but his successes are not less conspicuous. Consider the light he has poured on the Christian dogma, that the divine spirit is a spirit of love, and that there

is no human heart so hard that a redeeming spark may not be struck from it. Take his character of Guido in "*The Ring and the Book*." The old pope has seen that the one remaining chance for Guido lies in the value of the love he has known and has despised being flashed upon him by the suddenness of his fate, and so it comes about. Who can ever forget the cry that breaks from him in the agony of the realized nearness of the death he had so callously dealt to others and felt himself so secure from, the scream with which he calls upon all possible and impossible saviours, human and divine,—

Abate, Cardinal, Christ, Maria, God,
and, for climax, the name of his own
murdered wife,—

Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

From Nature.

PATHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.¹

There is one aspect of a pathological institute which I feel some delicacy in alluding to, because there are some people who take strange views with regard to these matters—exaggerated views. There are people who do not object to eating a mutton-chop—people who do not even object to shooting a pheasant with the considerable chance that it may be only wounded and may have to die after lingering in pain, unable to obtain its proper nutriment—and yet who consider it something monstrous to introduce under the skin of a guinea-pig a little inoculation of some microbe to ascertain its action. Those seem to me to be most inconsistent views. With regard to all matters in which we are concerned in this world, everything depends upon the motive. A murderer may cut a man's throat to kill him; any

¹ An address delivered in connection with the opening of the new pathological and physiological laboratories in Queen's College, Belfast, by Lord Lister, P. R. S.

one of you medical students may have to cut a man's throat to save his life. The father who chastises his son for the sake of the good of his morals is a most humane man; a father who should beat his son for the mere sake of inflicting pain upon him would be an inhuman monster. And so it is with the necessary experiments upon lower animals. If they were made, as some people seem to assume, for the mere sport of the thing, they would be indeed to be deprecated and decried; but if they are made with the wholly noble object of not only increasing human knowledge, but also diminishing human suffering, then I hold that such investigations are deserving of all praise. Those little know who lightly speak on these matters how much self-denial is required in the prosecution of such researches when they are conducted, as indeed they always are, so far as I am aware, with the object of establishing new truth. The exercise of a little charity might lead those who speak of us as inhuman to reflect that possibly we may be as humane as themselves. The profession to which I have the great honor to belong is, I firmly believe, on the average, the most humane of all professions. The medical student may be sometimes a rough diamond; but when he comes to have personal charge of patients, and to have the life and health of a fellow-creature depending upon his individual care, he becomes a changed man, and from that day forth his life becomes a constant exercise of beneficence. With that beneficence there is associated benevolence; and, in that practical way, our profession becomes the most benevolent of all. If our detractors knew this, common sense would enable them to see that our profession would not be unanimously in favor of these researches if they were the iniquitous things which they are sometimes represented to be. I was reading the other day a very interesting account of Pasteur's work on rabies, written by one who was associated with him from an early period (M. Duclaux). It had been established that the introduction

of a portion of the brain of a mad dog under the skin of a healthy animal was liable to cause rabies, and Pasteur had reason to believe that it was principally in the nervous centres that the poison accumulated. He felt a very strong desire to introduce some of the poison into the brain of an animal; but he was a peculiarly humane man. He never could shoot an animal for sport. He was more humane than the great majority of human beings; and for a long time he could not bring himself to make the experiment of trephining an animal's skull, and introducing some of the poison of rabies into the brain. He was exceedingly desirous of doing it to establish the pathology of the disease, but he shrank from it. On one occasion, when he was absent from home, one of his assistants did the experiment, and when Pasteur came back he told him that he had done so. "Oh!" said Pasteur, "the poor creature! His brain has been touched. I am afraid he will be affected with paralysis." The assistant went into a neighboring room and brought in the animal which was a dog. It came in frisking about and investigating everything in a perfectly natural manner; and Pasteur was exceedingly pleased, and though he did not like dogs, yet he lavished his affection upon that particular animal and petted it; and from that time forth he felt his scruples need no longer exist. The truth is that the pain inflicted by this process of trephining is exceedingly slight, and yet the operation is sometimes described as being a hideously painful one. That is a mistake. In point of fact the operation is always done now under anæsthetics, so that the animal does not feel it at all; but even without that the operation is not seriously painful. I look forward to the time when there will be an institute in connection with this college, where investigations of the kind to which I have referred can be carried on, and where pathological knowledge of the first importance may be promoted. Think also of the practical advantages of an institution where the materials can be provided for the treatment of

diseases on the principles which have been recently established. It appears to be now placed beyond doubt that that dreadful disease diphtheria may by the antitoxic treatment be reduced in mortality from about thirty per cent. to about five per cent. if the proper material is promptly used. It is exceedingly important that in a city like Belfast the supply of such material should be within easy reach of the practitioner—that he should not be compelled to send to London for the requisite serum, and thus lose much valuable time. Every hour that is lost in the treatment of a case of this nature is a very serious loss indeed. But it is by no means only in diphtheria that such an institute is likely to confer benefits of this kind. In the case of the streptococcus, which is the cause of erysipelas and kindred disorders, including that very terrible disease, puerperal fever, there are very promising indications that the use of antitoxic serum will rescue patients from otherwise hopeless conditions. Let any one picture to himself the case

of a young wife after her first confinement afflicted with this dreadful puerperal fever, and doomed under ordinary treatment to certain death. The practitioner makes an injection of this serum under the skin, with the result that the lady rapidly recovers, and in a few days is perfectly well. Let any man conceive such a case as this, and all objections to the investigations necessary to bring about such a state of things must vanish into thin air. So soon as our poor selves are directly concerned our objections disappear. If a tiger threatened to attack a camp, who would care much about what kind of a trap was set for it, or what suffering the trap caused the animal, so long as it was caught? When the matter affects only the welfare of others, including generations yet unborn, the good done does not appeal to the individual, and the objector sees only the horrors of modern scientific investigation; of which horrors, however, he quickly loses the sense as soon as he becomes personally concerned.

Rome as a Health Resort.—Dr. J. J. Eyre, one of the foremost living authorities on the climate of Rome, has contributed to the *Queen* a paper entitled "Rome as a Health Resort," which will be a surprise to some people who have remained under the traditional impression of the unhealthiness of the city and district. Doctor Eyre points out that it was recognized some thirty or forty years ago, by eminent authorities on climate, including Sir James Clarke, that the Roman climate was particularly beneficial in the case of persons suffering from consumption or chronic bronchitis. But at that time malarial fever was still prevalent, and the sanitary state of the city left much

to be desired; so that nervous invalids and their friends had some excuse for fighting shy of the Eternal City as a place of abode for their transitory selves. But the "Roman Fever" is now a thing of the past, owing to the great sanitary improvements which have taken place during the last fifteen years or so, and Rome is now, not only the healthiest city in Italy, but compares very favorably as to hygienic conditions with the large towns of Europe and America. The sewers are well constructed and thoroughly flushed, the water supply is one of the purest and most abundant in the world, and the cleanliness of the streets is almost invariably commented on by visitors.

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